

# The INNIS HERALD

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ESTABLISHED 1965

People are not cleaning up after themselves in the pub.

Wendy Balderson quit smoking.

Wendy Pickell got an A on her seminar and the Prof. took her out for a drink later.

Food for thought? "In summary, I know you believe you understand what you think I said, but I'm not sure you realize that what you heard is not what I meant." Fac. of Ed. psycho soup?

Janice spent the winter break in Horseshoe Bay.

She also went to the second show of the Beach Boys and says the audience was really beligerent. They wanted to hear all the old songs but the Beach Boys were asking them to listen to the new ones too. Strange vibes were sent up. C told Dennis Wilson to Fu\*k Off and Dennis left the stage for 5 songs but at the end Dennis came up and apologized to everyone saying he had had too much wine. Brian Wilson, in a weird space, left the stage for 2 songs, once plugging his ears — seems they were all under the wine. The music was good when they decided to play but there were long dissertations between songs.

Leanne got money for Christmas. That's what she needed so that's what she got. Leanne commutes from Etobicoke every day!

Doug's pipes were all frozen up this morning (Jan. 18) so he had to come to school without a shower.

Innis made the hockey PLAYOFFS. See the Sports Section.

Mary has gone south. Don't ask me where. Just south.

Rory is trying to instill a Dornhoefer attitude in his life.

Dr. Saywell held his annual party for ICSS people on Jan. 17. An excellent party.

Lisa says Innis is a much more conservative college than was first led to believe from what she had heard about the old Innis. Why, she wonders, is it not much more Radical. She says there is less community than she expected.

Audrey Sheffit says Innis is the only place she can come to on this university campus and feel like a Human Being. She says Innis people are less specialist and less professionally-oriented and unlike other colleges, Innis Students are not so much the Go-To-School, Get-A-Job, goal-seeking type people.

Five out of twelve cars conked out on the way back from the Innis Farm Jan. 7-9

Interested in a course on the Sexuality of Politics? Drop into Innis 209. The class is dwindling. Rm. 222.

Innis 207 has timed out to be an Encounter Group. It's about Theories of the Person Lisa says: "How can we talk about Innis 207... it's honestly different."

Gingerina Cassell is bringing a stripper to the Innis Drama Class? Then Lisa will respond by bringing a Guerilla Theatre performer? This could escalate.

Ida Romano has to be mentioned again as the best, the very best cook on the entire campus. Of course most of the competition is only dumb waiter caterers but that only makes her food taste soooooooooo much better.

Tom Nemseck dropped by for one evening in T.O. with no suntan and managed to get together 30 people, most of whom hate each other, to celebrate his return to California. Light hearted (as in drunk) everyone managed to stumble to both the Blue Cellar and an Historical T.O. monument called The Brunswick.

Doug Charles was noticeable by his absence.

"Othello" is replacing chess at Innis.

It's a great year for Geminis, according to Carrie.

Now that the goddamn juke-box is gone, there is beginning to be a return to conversation in the pub.

From Carrie again: "Read a book. You've already seen it on T.V."

With snow covering the ground, how can you tell if you're walking in dog shit.

A certain lady informed the Editor that 3 men in one day in the pub, gave their phone nos. and said "give me a call".

With the cold weather many people have been asking if Mr. Shower is rent free, and will they hold literacy tests in Mr. Shower?

And where do you go on Saturday and Sunday to drink. This University does not have ONE (1) pub open on weekends. Have not pubs been intensely related to literature in society? Ben Jonson, Bill Shakespeare, Jeff Chaucer and many other notables all frequented such institutions and with some small measure of success, I might add. Ben often used to scrawl whole poems on the pub wall of his favourite cranny, which spawned unknown hundreds of literary endeavors from people who at first glance were dull and thick-headed and artistically brainwashed and lobotomized, but who were inspired to copy these morsels from the wall to fuel a minor literary career. Could this happen in a washroom. Certainly not, for the type of dialogue contained therein is of such low standard that a sign should be erected on each stall saying: "Proof-reader Required. Apply Within." This is not to say that the walls of the Innis Pub, or any pub for that matter, should be carved up for literary gain, but rather, that a pub inspires, through its liquid, a certain elevation of the spirit which is unattainable in a washroom, considering it's liquid. Thank you, and good night.

Robarts has installed a Tatletape (a security device) but unfortunately they have not yet installed a detection device. Oh Happy New Year Robot!

January is a nice month because your OSAP grant comes in. Unfortunately you already owe it to everyone.

What does it mean when a Phys. Ed. student says: "Give them the runaround."

Having a good reputation means you got away with it.

Plastic glasses? How good can a beer taste? It's almost like drinking wine out of a styrofoam cup.

A Dinner-Dance Semi-Formal is being held at the Old Mill Feb. 26. It's \$15.00 a couple and 25 bucks for other than Innis people. Also on Feb. 25 String Band is having a concert. Cost to be announced.

Memo to: All People Using the Innis Building  
From: Art Wood  
Re: Heat (?) in the Building  
You have no doubt been aware that the heat levels in the building have been less than comfortable for the last few days. Some have found it impossible to work or study in the building.

The University engineering staff has located the immediate problem, the heavy snow storm last weekend covered the air filters on the roof with snow and ice and prevented the proper volume of HOT air from circulating through the building. Also, some of the thermostats require recalibration to insure adequate recycling of warmed air.

The problem has been particularly acute for those using the 2nd and 3rd floors of the old houses. The engineers will propose and we will (eagerly) support a recommendation to the University that all windows in the old houses be double-glazed. I suspect the University will accept this recommendation on cost-benefit arguments alone; but it is unlikely that we can expect installation during the current heating season.

We hope the present problem is solved. If problems continue in the old houses, we will have to arrange some office-sharing on the other side of the building. Also please let us know if classes are disrupted because of this cold environment and we will try to arrange for warmer places.

Incidentally, we are accepting applications for administrative and teaching positions at the University of the West Indies.

If Carrie gets a curly perm will anyone recognize her? Will anyone care? Vince's greatest disappointment in life is the fact that his middle initial isn't G (for God). Rumour has it he'll settle for J.

Test to define an American — ask them to spell zed (zee, e, dee).

Ask George for a puppy. He's too cold-hearted to keep them. He's into biological experiments these days.

The Innex houses will be renovated this spring. Things are looking up, including the housing charges.

Kate and Cheri don't like the new kitchen door at No. 29.

Perversity is relative — or is that incest?

The Innis building is one year old. Can the papier maché last another?

Kirk wants to return to B.C. with Quebec plates on his van, having gone to Quebec with B.C. plates.

Want to insult someone? Say yes when they offer to buy you a beer.

Trot is alive and remanded and safely hidden away.

People are already anticipating the annual Nummies game which is coming up in March. Drury is expected in net for the Nummies, with Patsy Morgan between the pipes for the girls.

Bill Saywell's wife does not like his Patsy Smith record.

Cheri, come and get Moxy at No. 14. We don't like it.

No. 429 is really wired. Karen "Bad Back" Booth, star of the Innis Hockey Team, hurt a mogul and will be out of action.

Richard Fogg believes in ghosts.

Patsy Morgan is... again... on a diet. Good luck Patsy.

gsu upstairs at

Sylvester's



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## VERNA (PATRONELLA) JOHNSTON

Verna (Patronella) Johnston is an Ojibway. She was raised on the Cape Croker Reserve and brought up her own family there. Verna knows and relates Ojibway legends. She has written a book called "Tales of Nokomis", Musson Book Company, Don Mills, Ont., By Patronella Johnston.

It was only in 1769 that books were first published containing only stories for children, so the idea that children are a specific "market" for publishers is a relatively new one.

The stories by Patronella Johnson related below echo back to a time when stories told to children had real meaning for all, all through one's life. For the white man's equivalent must one go all the way back to Homer?

Although simply told, these "children's" tales contain deep spiritual meaning from which one cannot hide.

There is no better way to describe or introduce Verna (Patronella) Johnston to you than to put before you her poem to Native women and these tales.

### The First Water Lily

Once upon a time there was a large band of Indians who spent their summers beside a lake, close to a big mountain.

The lake gave them cool, sweet water to drink, and for cooking, it also gave them fish to eat.

In the forest on the mountain lived many small animals. The Indian men would go with their bows and arrows and knives to hunt them. They would never kill any more animals than necessary to provide food for all the people in the band.

One morning, one of the braves of the band decided to visit one of his friends, the Owl. Everyone knows that the owl sleeps in the day and stays awake at night. So the young Indian man had to visit his friend when it was still dark.

He left his wigwam very early in the morning and looked up at the sky to see if the sun had started to take off his night cloak. But everything was still very black.

Suddenly the young man saw a beautiful star hanging over the camp. It was very big, and very, very bright. The brave had never seen such a lovely star in his whole life.

He was quite frightened, for perhaps it was a sign that something dreadful was going to occur.

The young brave rushed around to all the wigwams of the chiefs of the band, and woke them all up.

"Come and see a beautiful, big star!" he exclaimed. "What do you think it means?"

The wise old chiefs all came out of their wigwams, sat in a circle looking up at the star. They thought and thought. The star meant something, but what could it mean? Maybe it was there for a good reason? Perhaps it was a kind and beautiful spirit who had come to guard the camp? But maybe it was there for a bad reason? Perhaps some dreadful calamity was coming to the camp?

The chiefs decided to waken the wisest of all the medicine-men. Perhaps he could tell them what the star meant.

But even the medicine-man could not tell them the reason.

The chiefs sat in a circle, looking more and more worried.

"Perhaps," said Chief Rain Cloud, "the star is here to warn us of something dreadful that is about to happen, so prepare for it."

"How can we prepare for it if we don't know what it's going to be?" asked Chief Red Sky.

"Maybe the animals are going to war on us for eating some of their friends," suggested Chief Hungry Eyes.

But the wisest of all, Chief Friend of Owl, said, "Let's go and ask our friend, the Owl, what we should do."

Everyone agreed and they all went together to see the owl. It was still dark, and Owl had not yet gone to sleep.

"Wise owl," said Chief Friend of Owl, "there is a great star hovering over our encampment! What does it mean? What should we do about it?"

"Go and ask her," said wise Owl bluntly.

The chiefs chose Red Sky to climb the mountain to speak with star and find out what she wanted.

Red Sky climbed as high as he possibly could, so that he would not have to shout to the star. Finally he reached the top of the mountain and spoke to the star.

"Great star, do not be angry with me for asking many questions, but we are all very worried. You are a very beautiful star, but we do not understand why you are hanging over our camp. Would you kindly tell me why you do this?"

The lovely star shone even more brightly. She smiled on Red Sky, and answered, "For many days I have been watching your people. They are very happy, especially the children playing by the lake, and the babies in their cradles of birch bark on their mothers' backs. If I am welcome, I would like very much to come and live amongst your people."

Chief Red Sky smiled with joy. He was so happy with the news he was to bring to his people that he ran down the mountain as fast as he could go.

When he neared the camp, he shouted with a loud voice, "Come out, come out. I have great news for all to hear."

When all of the band, fathers and mothers and children, the very old and the very young, and all the dogs, had gathered outside their wigwams, Red Sky spoke.

The great star finds us a happy people. She would like to come and live amongst us. That is why she has been hanging over our camp."

Everyone rejoiced.

The chiefs held a council. It was wonderful, they all felt, to have such a great star for a friend. No doubt the heavens would smile on them if this beautiful star were living amongst them.

They decided that Chief Fire Cloud should officially welcome her to their band. He must also tell her that she should feel free to live wherever she chose. All of the band would be pleased with whatever she decided.

Chief Fire Cloud climbed the mountain right to the top, and delivered the message of the chiefs. The star shone brightly. She was happy to be invited to live with these people.

Now she had to decide where to dwell.

First she tried the mountain top. But she soon decided that it was too far away from the people.

Then she tried the top of the highest tree in the forest. But the foliage was so thick that she couldn't see the people.

She decided to return to the sky and think the problem over.

She thought and thought, and suddenly she had the best idea. On the lake, beside the camp — that would be the perfect spot. There she would be able to see the women with the papooses on their backs, and the children at play, and the braves singing as they built their birch-bark canoes.

That night she floated gently down and settled on the water.

The next morning when the Indians came down to the water's edge, there she was all in her splendour — the first Water Lily.



Illustrations by Francis Kagige

The Water Lily

## THE CORN HUSK DOLL

Several days after Nokomis had told the story of the corn, Bedabin remembered the corn husks and cobs in the old box in the storehouse.

She ran swiftly to the house of Nokomis. Her grandmother was sitting on the ground outside, in the warm sun.

"Nokomis, what are you going to do with the cobs and the husks that you took off the corn the other day?" Bedabin asked.

"Some of the husks will be woven into mats. From the cobs we will make mattress fillings to lie on at night."

"And what else will you do with them?" Bedabin pressed.

"Sometimes we make dolls for little girls, if they are good," Nokomis said with a smile on her old face.

"Oh, do make one for me," Bedabin asked. "And let me watch you while you make it."

Nokomis nodded and smiled.

"Very well, bring me a cob and a few husks," she said to her grand-daughter.

Bedabin ran very quickly to the storehouse, lifted the lid of the big box, and took out the longest, fattest cob, and some husks, too.

"This is a good cob," said Nokomis. "You have chosen well."

Bedabin flushed with pleasure. Her grandmother did not praise her very often.

Nokomis picked up the cob in her strong brown hands and smoothed the husks down around it.

Then she sent Bedabin into the house to fetch her bone needle and her thread.

With the snew-thread, Nokomis began to shape the doll. First she tied a thread around where the neck should be. Then a thread for the waist, and one for each of the arms.

Bedabin grew very excited to see her doll take shape.

Nokomis pulled the thread tightly, and tied it in good strong knots.

"Now we must make some clothes for your doll," said Nokomis.





*The corn husk doll*

Mrs. Johnston will be making a corn husk doll and retelling the legend on channel 19, Feb. 25. You can meet her in person at the Sportsman's Show in the Indian Pavilion baking bannock (Indian bread) and cooking corn soup.

## THE RED AND WHITE TRILLIUM

Nokomis and her grandchildren spent many long hours in the woods and beside the stream near the encampment of their people. One day Bedabin and Tawa were walking with Nokomis when they came upon a little stream shining in the sun.

"Oh, Nokomis. Tawa, look!" Bedabin exclaimed. Usually she spoke softly, as she had been taught by her parents and her grandmother. But this time she could hardly contain herself, and she clasped her hands with joy. "It is so beautiful!"

"Just like a ribbon of gold, not a stream at all," Nokomis added softly.

"It seems," mused Bedabin, "that when the Great Manitou made something, he never intended for it to be only useful. He always made it beautiful too."

"That's right," agreed Nokomis. "Do you know," she added, "that when in the beginning he created the earth and all its creatures, everything was white? It was only after the creation that he painted the earth the beautiful colours it is today."

"Do tell us more," asked the children.

"Well," said Nokomis, "first he painted the animals. He used mostly browns and greys."

"Like the rabbit and the wolf," said Tawa.

"But he often added a little red or black to give the animals lovely soft variations in colour."

"Like the fox and the fawn," said Bedabin.

"And all these animals were then not only useful, but they were beautiful too," Nokomis continued. "But sometimes in winter, when the leaves had fallen from the trees and it is difficult to hide in safety, he allows some of the animals to return to their original white. That way they will not be as readily seen by their enemies."

"Like the rabbit and ermine," said Tawa. "They can hide very easily in the white snow."

"And the trees," Nokomis went on, "were all white in the beginning, too. But the Great Manitou gave to them and the grass the colour of green. Sometimes he added a little yellow or orange, so that there were many different shades of green, but all blended well together. And he found the trees useful, and very soothing and peaceful to look upon."

"Were the flowers white in the beginning, too?" asked Bedabin.

"Yes, indeed," said Nokomis.

"Oh, I am glad he decided to change that," said Bedabin.

"For the flowers he used every possible colour," Nokomis

"But what will we use for them?" asked Bedabin, in a disappointed tone of voice. All she could see were corn husks, and they wouldn't make very beautiful clothes.

"If you look in my birch basket, you will find a small piece of buckskin. We can use that for a dress," said Nokomis.

"That would be perfect," said Bedabin happily. "She will look just like me, because I have a coat of buckskin. It will keep her very warm in winter, too."

Nokomis worked quickly. In and out of the buckskin went the bone needle, and soon she had made a little dress that fitted quite neatly.

"Now your doll needs hair," said Nokomis. "I will use some of the ones from the rabbit your father killed on the last hunt."

"Give her very long hair," insisted Bedabin. "That is most beautiful."

Nokomis gave the doll long hair, and bound it with thread on the top of her head.

"The doll must have some jewellery," said Nokomis. "Gather some tiny seeds, and we will use them to make necklaces and bracelets for around her neck and arms."

"May I use corn kernels?" asked Bedabin.

"We must save those for eating," Nokomis replied. "Remember what the corn spirit said? Besides, they would be too large for a small doll. Gather the seeds that have fallen from the trees."

So Bedabin crawled on her hands and knees around the base of the old tree near Nokomis's house, and she came back with a whole handful of seeds.

She and her grandmother strung them on very fine strands of sinew, to make long necklaces and short necklaces and three small bracelets.

"Now, all we need is a face," Bedabin said, feeling quite pleased that her doll was nearly complete.

"A face? Oh no," said Nokomis, looking very serious. "Our people never make faces on their dolls."

Bedabin was first very surprised, then disappointed. She had wanted so much for her doll to have beautiful, big, dark eyes, and a smiling mouth.

Then she thought carefully about all the dolls that the other girls in the band owned. None of them had faces either. She had never really noticed before.

"But why not have faces?" Bedabin asked earnestly.

"You are a big girl, Bedabin, and you will take care of your doll. But often the little girls like to throw their dolls around. Your little sister will probably do the same with yours. It would hurt much to be tossed about like that."

"Our people believe that anything with a face has a soul, and that anything with a soul can feel pain. So when we make corn-husk dolls, we never make a face. That way the doll will feel no pain when she is thrown around and played with."

Bedabin thought for a few moments. Then she smiled.

"I understand now," she said. "And I like my doll just the way she is."

explained. "Pink Arbutus and pink Lady's Slipper . . ."

"And deep purple Violets and blue-purple Gentians," added Bedabin.

"And yellow Violets too," said Tawa, not to be outdone. "And yellow Lilies."

"Yes, the Great Manitou really showed his love of colour when he made the flowers," said Nokomis. "But he never quite finished painting them."

"Why not?" asked Tawa.

"Well, he painted the flowers last of all," said Nokomis. "And there were lots and lots of them. Think of all the forests of the world, all full of flowers."

"And all the plains and the mountains and deserts," added Bedabin.

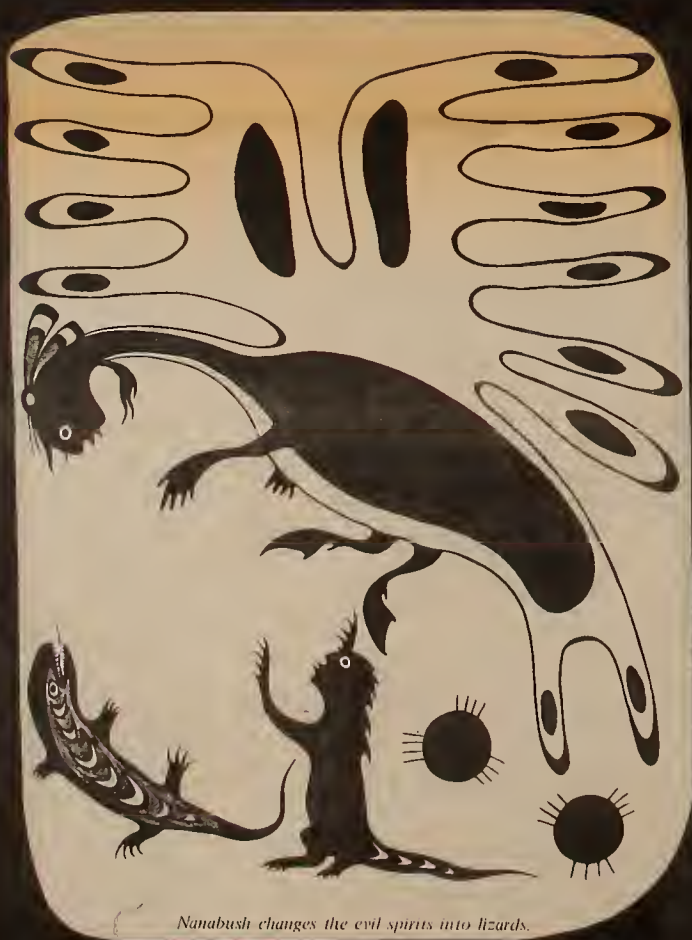
"The Great Manitou was growing very tired," continued Nokomis.

"His hand must have been very heavy," said Tawa. "It would have taken many moons to do all that painting."

"And he was tired of thinking, too," added Nokomis. "Imagine thinking of different colours for all of those flowers. All that remained of the paint was a small portion in the red pot. He had saved this for the Trillium. But the Great Manitou had coloured only a few of them when he found the red paint all gone. That is why, if you take a walk in the woods today, you will find a few red Trilliums, but most of them are still pure, beautiful white, just as they were when the Creator ran out of red paint."



*The Great Manitou created all the plants and animals.*



*Nanabush changes the evil spirits into lizards.*





The skunk's descendants still carry the scent given them by the West Wind.

## Native Women

Native Women-- now is your time,  
 But from your past what do we find?  
 Mostly put down, values undefined,  
 Native Women-- stand firm and bold,  
 Grass with both hands all that you hold,  
 Treasures more precious than gold.  
 What do we value? Stop, let us think,  
 Pride with humility, warm love for all others,  
 Ready to share those things so obscure  
 To the eyes of the world and can only be seen  
 With your heart and your soul.  
 Concern for others, those in despair  
 What can we do for them? Show that we care.  
 Native women-- you have the wisdom, the patience, the power  
 To bring back to our people our qualities lost  
 Through hundreds of years of the White Man's abuse.  
 To our clothes, the earth, from which they have taken,  
 Polluted, trampled, disfigured, defiled.  
 Cut down our trees to build themselves mansions,  
 Never thinking or caring that all living things  
 Are part of ourselves. By destroying the birds, animals  
 and fish, they brought famine  
 To our mind and our hearts, while our bodies live on  
 Just a shell and a sham.  
 See our young mother with a child held tight in her arms,  
 Dark eyes shining, cheeks full, fair bright, what does she see  
 As she ponders and worries and looks within.  
 Will he grow straight and strong like an Indian should,  
 Or will his bright eyes fade, his cheeks grow thin,  
 His hair lose lustre, until he withers and dies  
 In pain, untold from mercury or lead poisoning,  
 And those insidious things being poured into our lakes,  
 rivers and streams. Progress they tell us, and cannot be stopped.  
 Native women-- you are the hope for all young mothers.  
 Give them the courage,  
 the dignity, the honour, the pride.  
 Then they will take up the standard  
 and carry it through, till once more we can say  
 with pride in our hearts,  
 There marches our people, their heads held high  
 ready to look all men straight in the eye.

Dorabella Johnston

Iain Baxter detail, exhibition poster for *Gas, Plastic, & Bagged Works*, Art Gallery of Victoria, 1966.



## N. E. THING COMPANY SECTION

*An Illustrated Introduction*

*A Selection of N. E. Thing Co. Acts*

*N. E. Thing is Art & Other Definitions*

*Images*

*Interview*

## AN ILLUSTRATED INTRODUCTION TO THE N. E. THING CO. LTD.

*N. E. Thing is Art: Theory and Practice.*

*N. E. Thing is Art is a slogan of the N. E. Thing Co. Ltd.*

*Incorporated in 1966 by its co-presidents, Iain and Ingrid Baxter, the N. E. Thing Co. Ltd. is Art, and Art (Visual Sensitivity Information) is its business.*

When I first met Iain Baxter in 1964, he had recently completed a Masters degree in painting at Washington State University and had returned to Canada to accept a teaching position at the University of British Columbia. His wife Ingrid was principally involved in raising their children.

By 1964, Iain's painting had developed through Abstract Expressionism, and out the other side in search of a contemporary realism. He imitated, briefly, the style of Giorgio Morandi, but Morandi's humble, kitchen still lifes and sober country *vedute* held no lasting interest. Soon Iain was composing still life and landscape assemblages out of squashed or whole detergent bottles and plywood clouds and trees. These compositions were transformed by the Vacuum Form machine into one-piece, buterate and acrylic bas-reliefs. Next he made "bagged landscapes" and "inflatables" of heat-sealed vinyl. By 1966 he had moved from fashionable non-objective and abstract painting into the still fresh and controversial arena of Pop Art.



*Still Life, 9" x 9", etching, artist's proof, 1965.*

Capilano College. The following is reprinted with the kind permission of the editors of the Capilano Review.



## THE CAPILANO REVIEW



He made and exhibited his Javex-bottle Vacuum Forms, his "inflatables" and "bagged landscapes" in a Canadian scene innocent, as yet, of the impact of the banal and commercial themes and methods of New York and London based Pop. He was Vancouver's most noticed experimenter in subject and medium, winning the purchase awards at the Vancouver Art Gallery's Annual Exhibitions in 1965-66, and staging exhibitions at the UBC Fine Arts Gallery that attracted critical attention.

His art was satirized in a Norris cartoon in the Vancouver *Sun*. *Sun* art critic, David Watnough, ruminated over his art in an article called, "Our Life Savagely Shafted."

No piece that he showed and no event he took part in was as daring as the *concept* through which he, and now his wife Ingrid, moved and thought. In 1966, Iain and Ingrid set up a business with themselves as co-presidents. The N. E. Thing Co. Ltd. was to be a company with a philosophy and purpose. It would devote itself to the dissemination of:

*Sensitivity Information (SI) ... based on the idea that everything in the world is information (thoughts, things, facts, ideas, emotions etc.) and that all information is confronted by one's body and senses and then processed in a practical or sensitive manner ... Sensitivity Information (was and is) N. E. Thing Co.'s new terminology for the older word culture.*

It would divide Sensitivity information into the following areas: Visual Sensitivity Information (VSI) — painting, sculpture, prints, architecture, books, design etc.; Sound Sensitivity Information (SSI) — music, poetry (read aloud), singing, oratory, etc.; Moving Sensitivity Information (MSI) — dance, sports, etc.; Experiential Sensitivity Information (ESI) — events that combine aspects of all other areas. And, using a construct invented in 1965, the N. E. Thing Co. would designate certain artworks and objects as A.R.T. (Aesthetically Rejected Things) or A.C.T. (Aesthetically Claimed Things). What was chosen as A.C.T. or rejected as A.R.T. from the world of reality and the art of others would be judged by the N. E. Thing Co.'s "stringent standards."

By entering wholeheartedly into the fact and theory of the N. E. Thing Co. Ltd., the Baxters moved firmly away from seeing the artist's role as *artmaker* to seeing his role as *perceiver*. Anything seen, heard, felt or thought by either of them would be considered as suitable content for data to be seen, heard, felt or thought of by the viewer. The viewer, in participating in the documentary fragments they presented as Sensitivity Information, takes part in the specific culture that created Iain and Ingrid; the viewer, in turn, is recreated by the culture they create. The Baxters' viewpoint logically extends Marcel Duchamp's insight that the artist through his works becomes a *mediumistic being*. N. E. Thing Co. products, however, are concrete and data giving, the antithesis of Duchamp's alchemical subjects. As much as Duchamp, however, the Baxters hope their art and performances will document the existential process of their own *becoming* and will engage and challenge the intelligence and sensuality of the spectator/participant.

As early as 1965, before the N. E. Thing Co. was formed, Iain was extending the traditional role of the artist beyond *artmaker* to performer. During the Festival of Contemporary Arts at UBC, which was called *The Medium is the Message* (out of respect for Marshall McLuhan), he destroyed a giant block of ice with a blowtorch. This act of wilful melting, entitled *2 Tons of Ice Sculpture: Beauty through Destruction, Disintegration and Disappearance*, challenged the spectator to consider this performance as "beautiful" and as Art. At the next Festival, the N. E. Thing Co. acted as "curator" for an eccentric exhibition called *Bagged Place*. The show, held in the Fine Arts Gallery on campus, contained no artwork by Iain or Ingrid. They brought a complete set of tacky furnishings within a wood and plastic "bungalow" that they had constructed inside the gallery space. All objects — tables, chairs, beds, food, turds in the toilet — were shrouded mysteriously in plastic. *Bagged Place* was provoking because it lacked ordinary aesthetic standards, but it was irritating because it was not *made* (simply chosen and arranged) by the N. E. Thing Co. What the N. E. Thing Co. was going to *do* was likely to be at least as daring as anything it would choose to make. At the two festivals, the company became a *verb* — a very A.C.T.-ive verb.



In the ten years that have followed, N. E. Thing Co. products have found their way into an amazing number of group shows that have focussed upon almost every major trend in contemporary art — Pop Art, New Realism, Minimal Art, Conceptual Art — and upon many minor ripples in the mainstream currents — Plastics, Art by Telephone, Mail Art. The N. E. Thing Co. has been chosen to represent Canada or the West on several occasions. The dozens and dozens of participations in exhibitions attest to the Baxters' great knack for operating within the gallery systems, and for taking care to know and be thought important by as many art officials as possible. Good P.R. and the ability to see the humour and chutzpah of the game that must be played is one of the several major reasons for the N. E. Thing Co.'s "omnipresence." At the same time that the company will solicit for group-show places, it will cheekily distribute buttons that declare: "Art is All Over," "Artificial" and "N. E. Thing is Art."

Although the Baxters would admit to a penchant for novelty and enjoy being the first to use a material, explore a subject, create a certain kind of exhibition or performance, it is to the credit of the N. E. Thing Co. that especially when it acts alone or is in full charge of an event, all major products (from art shows through to movies) have integrity as a continuum — first of all because the business "philosophy" that was outlined in 1966 has provided a consistent but flexible viewpoint in which a diversity of experiments could be maintained; secondly, because over the years, the N.E. Thing Co. has found means of tying together the visual appearance of the products. Plastic and plexiglass remain important materials in which to create, package, or frame. Since 1965 photography of the documentary (not "arty") sort has assumed an increasingly major role in the preparation of artwork, and the artless, casually composed quality of photographic artworks carries over to the manufacture of uncut video and film records of events and experiences. Finally, all manner of business paraphernalia has been invented to stamp, seal, and otherwise claim for the company its products. A photo-silkscreened business form, for example, may be used as a background onto which photos and drawings of varying sizes and various subjects may be collaged; the business form background becomes, then, a major device to organize and homogenize in a visual way the diverse contents of an exhibition.

The seals and the stamps replace the traditional artist's signature and add bright colour to works assembled in a gallery.

Not simply by the broad definition it provides, the N. E. Thing Co. produces art in various media that receives serious and frequent attention by galleries and the art press. Although occasionally a critic finds a subject banal or an object aesthetically weak, I think there is no person familiar with the contemporary art scene as a whole who would not state that the N. E. Thing Co. has sustained over a very lengthy period a highly imaginative, inventive, flexible but well-integrated body of work. But I think there is another aspect of the N. E. Thing Co. character that begs special examination, and that is the role it assumes as educator of the senses. Art to the N. E. Thing Co. is Sensitivity Information that must be disseminated in order to increase the happiness and self-awareness of the general public, to improve, in the company's terms, the *Gross National Good*. When discussing public education, the Baxters become very excited and approach the subject with a "missionary zeal." What they do, it seems to me, is to arrange games for willing players. And play — the open-ended, exploratory, free-association play of happy children in which the rules adjust as the game is played — is what their artworks, events, videos and films are about. The games are sometimes played out principally by the Baxters themselves with the spectator participating with his eyes and mind; others invite direct response.

So what are the "games," what are the "rules," how and what does the viewer learn? Perhaps these questions can be answered best through a careful scrutiny of one project the N. E. Thing Co. completed between 1966 and the present.

In the *Piles* show of 1968, held at UBC's Fine Arts Gallery, the company worked with students. Within the gallery space, piles of material (eggshells, metal shavings, hair, etc.) were arranged in pyramid shapes on box-like plinths placed in a row. The material chosen from commonplace possibilities was elevated to the status of art by being brought into a gallery and set up with the formality usually associated with *serious* works of sculpture. Each pile of debris was arranged in a "geometric" shape and each pile could be appreciated (or not appreciated) through a consideration of its formal artistic properties — colour, texture, *presence*. Each pyramid put forward a variety of abstract subjects for consideration: animate/inanimate; metallic/organic; man-made/machine-made. The sequence was arranged tonally, like an artist's palette.

The piles-as-sculpture were supplemented by a slide show of other piles to be discovered around the city — at car wreckers, in untidy backyards, in bakeries, on after-dinner tables. A road map directed spectators to see certain piles, to rediscover the urban environment with piles in mind. A pile of postcards of piles was the catalogue for the exhibition.

The exhibition in a playful, quasi-scientific way explored the meaning of the word *piles*. The "game" tested the spectator's definition of *sculpture*. Can anything be seen and understood as sculpture that is organized by an artist within a gallery space? Are the urban piles the spectator chooses to see sculpture? What, if anything, separates the artist from the spectator?

This exhibition is typical of N. E. Thing Co. shows. All play with the concept of the definition of Art; all suggest, by implication, that the spectator must take charge of his perceptions to savour them,

nourish them and use *them* in the way that the N. E. Thing Co. implies. If we could and would do that, our lives would be more full and joyful, because the Baxters teach us to celebrate and recreate the commonplace.

In choosing to present the N. E. Thing Co. as Art in *The Capitanio Review*, I engaged myself in an act of Retro-Aesthetics — a Baxter term for the process of going back to consider something that had a powerful personal meaning in order to see how it looks and feels from the perspective of the *now*. I am still excited by the ideas and products of the N. E. Thing Co. and continue to educate myself through the process of the Baxters' experience.



Still Life: 1 Jaux Bottle, 25 1/2" x 14 1/2" vacuum-formed plastic, 1964.

## A SELECTION OF N. E. THING COMPANY A.C.T.'S.

### 1. The Incorporation of the N. E. Thing Co. Ltd., 1966.

In 1966 the N. E. Thing Co. Ltd. was formed. Its business was the organization and dissemination of Sensitivity Information. Sensitivity Information would be considered under the following categories: Visual Sensitivity Information; Sound Sensitivity Information; Moving Sensitivity Information; Experiential Sensitivity Information. Works in all categories could be judged as records of A.R.T. (Aesthetically Rejected Thing) or A.C.T. (Aesthetically Claimed Thing). All choices were to be personal, hence, arbitrary.

### 2. *Aquatics*, Simon Fraser University, 1967.

This event was the first overt manifestation of N. E. Thing Co.'s interest in sport performance (Moving Sensitivity Information) and to this project Ingrid brought her expertise in water ballet. Centennial year was celebrated through the acts of swimming, making music and dancing in the water.

*Aquatics* was the first act in a construct called Retro-Aesthetics — the re-viewing/re-doing of something enjoyed in the past to check out the experience for its feel in the present.

### 3. *Piles*, Fine Arts Gallery, UBC, 1968.

N. E. Thing Co. organized this exhibition in co-operation with Fine Arts students at UBC. Within the gallery space "piles" of materials (egg-shells, hair, metal shavings) were set up on formal podia to elicit a strong visual/tactile response. A series of colour slides of piles selected from the urban environment was constantly on view, and a map directed the viewer into the city to inspect more piles. A generous pile of black and white photos served as a catalogue to the show and as a record of the concept.

#### 4. Fashion Show, Burnaby Art Gallery, 1968.

N. E. Thing Co. claims to have invented the term *wearable* at the time of this exhibition, to designate clothing that is "worn as sculpture," that transforms body shape but is dependent on the body for some of its support. Karen Rowden and Evelyn Roth contributed some of their own wearables to the fashion show. The N. E. Thing Co.'s contributions were sculpted in plastic.

#### 5. 5 Mile Section: Longest Movie in the World, 1969.

The movie runs five minutes and is a direct uncut record of a five-mile stretch on Ontario's Trans-Canada highway. The movie camera was hand-held in the Baxter truck.

The Baxters, interested in the idea contained in the movie described above, submitted a request for funds to make *5,000 Mile Movie* in centennial year. It was intended to be:

*a film (measuring) Canada's life line (the Trans-Canada highway). The film (would show) geographical, cultural and ethnic variations... The viewer (would) be able to wander in and out of the movie for eight days... the movie sound track will include sections of ambient noise and interviews of people en route — a talk-show on wheels.*

In 1976 the Baxters plan to re-submit the 5,000 mile movie request hoping that it will be considered worth sponsoring in the more economical medium of colour-video.

#### 6. Trans V.S.I. Connection NSCAD-NETCO, Halifax, Nova Scotia, 1969.

A 100-page document is the record of the Nova Scotia/N. E. Thing Company (NSCAD-NETCO) "connection." Iain was teaching at the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design and the booklet shows the results of the interchange of information. Although the pamphlet is of indifferent visual quality it is very amusing to read. A receptive student writes of her project: *Put a Fairly Large Rock in the Crotch of a Tree*:

*This type of art is something you have to do to appreciate yourself before you can make other people understand it.*

An uncomprehending receiver of a Telex message at Inuvik sent back these words:

HAVE JUST READ UR MESS AND CANNOT MAKE HEADS OR TAILS OF IT PLS ADV IF IT IS PACIFIC WESTERN INUVIK U WANT OR ANOTHER COMPANY PLS EXPLAIN UR MESSAGE

#### 7. Building Structure, Carman Lamanna Gallery, Toronto, 1969.

N. E. Thing Co. presented the act of building and the resulting balloon frame\* structure as sculpture at the Carman Lamanna Gallery. *Building Structure*, as "minimal" as a Sol LeWitt piece, was accompanied by a display of NETCO products.

\*The *balloon frame* is the essential two-by-four, post and lintel construction that underlies most North American domestic architecture.

#### 8. N. E. Thing Co. Calendar, 10th Sao Paulo Biennial, 1969.

The N. E. Thing Co. A.C.T. & A.R.T. Depts. were selected to represent Canada's printmaking activities. The company prepared a calendar illustrated by a photograph of a product for each month. I remember a local printmaker being angry at this choice saying the N. E. Thing Company did not make prints. NETCO, of course, was chosen because it did not make prints, but used photography instead of traditional graphic media.

#### 9. Report on the Activities of the N. E. Thing Co. at the National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa, June/July, 1969.

This exhibition was a major setting forth of the N. E. Thing Co.'s ideas and products. The whole exhibit took place in the real offices on the main floor of the NGO and in spaces erected by the company out of balloon frame and plywood. The visual effect of this exhibit was *department store* — an aesthetic (or non-aesthetic) that did not invite enthusiastic gallery response. The show, however, was a thorough visualization of ideas at the centre of NETCO current interests.

#### 10. Clichés Visualized, 1969.

A thirty-minute videotape transforming English Language clichés into Visual Sensitivity Information.

#### 11. Buyer Supplier Night, 1970.

A videotape probe into a male Buyer/Supplier gathering in Vancouver.

#### 12. Your Employee and Motivation, Renton Washington, 1970.

N. E. Thing Co. co-presidents participated as consultants to data processing managers at Renton, Washington.

#### 13. Business Philosophy, 1970.

A pamphlet created for distribution to the International Convention of Data Processing Managers Association in Seattle, Washington.

#### 14. Art and Computers, Simon Fraser University, 1970.

The N. E. Thing Co. co-presidents conceived and organized a conference on this subject at Simon Fraser University.

#### 15. N. E. Thing Co. as Consultant re: Viewer Participation, 1970.

N. E. Thing Co. acted in Ottawa regarding a special TV show using television for direct viewer participation.

#### 16. North American Time Zone Photo V.S.I. Simultaneity, October, 1970.

An N. E. Thing Co. publication dealing with the simultaneous photography of pre-selected subject matter by six Canadian photographers at the same moment in time in the six time zones in Canada.

#### 17. B.C. Almanac (a publication of the National Film Board), 1970.

N. E. Thing Co. contributed a selection of photographs to this group project. Like other artists included, their work concerned giving information and did not approach traditional "art" photography. NETCO's contribution was visually interesting and coherent in content.

#### 18. N. E. Thing Co. Ltd. co-president is made Academician, Royal Academy of Art, 1970.

#### 19. Network, 1970.

Transmission of Visual Sensitivity Information between several schools and the N. E. Thing Co. Ltd., as effected by Telex and Telecopiers. Participating institutions were: Pacific Lutheran University, Tacoma; Henry Gallery, Seattle; University of British Columbia; Nova Scotia College of Art and Design and the Museum of Modern Art, New York.

#### 20. N. E. Thing Co. Ltd. becomes member of the Vancouver Board of Trade, 1971.

#### 21. Elaine Baxter changes her name to Ingrid (formerly her middle name) which, co-incidentally, made her initials and Iain's the same.

#### 22. Historical Aesthetic Projects, 1971.

While in Europe on a Senior Canada Council Grant, the N. E. Thing Co. Ltd. carried out the following projects:

1. Reversal of Columbus' Voyage: N. E. Thing Co. Discovers Europe
2. All Roads Lead to Rome
3. Loch Ness Mystery
4. Seeing Calileo's Laws of Cravity from the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

#### 23. N. E. Thing Co. sponsors a hockey team in Downsview, Ontario, 1972.



N. E. Thing Co. Ltd. Hockey Team: Downsview, Ontario, 3" x 3", mounted color photo, 1972-3.



24. N. E. Thing Co. *Sensitivity Information Research on Snow, Ice, Water, the North and the General Phenomenon of Winter*, Banff, 1973/4, (Winter).

This exhibition held at the Peter Whyte Gallery, Banff, was one of the most important presentations of NETCO-THINK. All the material was presented on business form backgrounds and all subjects related wittily to the concept of winter. Skiing was presented as a drawing and sculpting skill, visual/verbal plays were made on many Canadian experiences of the north, e.g. ARTIC (misspelled). A vinyl snowcap was designed for a snow-less mountain. The exhibition was an evocative and humorous "snow-job."



*Studies for Works in S.I.R. on Snow, Ice, Water, etc., 3' x 5', black/white photos, 1968.*

25. N. E. Thing Co.: *Research with Language, Food and Colour*, 1974.

This exhibition, organized by Chris Youngs, took place at the Owens Art Gallery in Sackville, New Brunswick. It investigated the correspondence between colour language used in association with food and food products and the real colour of these products. Suitable experiments were performed on food purchased from a local supermarket and the food was arranged within the gallery space on tables in a clinical fashion.

26. N. E. Thing Co. Ltd. *Sensitivity Information: Language/Sex*, 1974.

A variation upon the theme of the "food" show and earlier work in English Language Clichés Visualized, this show contained photos illustrative of sexual parts, sexual actions and the words applied to these parts and actions. There were also works exploring non-sexual clichés and children's jingles.

27. *And They Had Issue*, 1975.

This was an exhibition at York University of the birth certificates and genealogy of the Baxters' families. Two plinths — one for each of their children — were erected. During one day, the children, Erian and Tor, sat on their podia to demonstrate that the most artistic product of anyone is his/her children.

28. *Monopoly Game With Real Money*, York University, 1975.

This event took place within a Toronto Dominion Bank on the campus of York University. Real money was used in the game. A videotape was made as a record of the game.

29. N. E. Thing Co. buys into *Vancouver Magazine*, 1975.

30. N. E. Thing Co. creates a photo lab for CIBACHROME, 1974.

Called the N. E. Professional Photographic Display Labs Ltd., this company produces fine colour photography by a special process.

31. N. E. Thing Co. Thinks toward a Celebration of the Body show for the Agnes Etherington Gallery, London, as a tribute to the Olympics, June 20 - July 31, 1976.
32. N. E. Thing Co. Thinks towards an exhibition at the Vancouver Art Gallery, December 1, 1976.
33. N. E. Thing Co. Thinks towards the opening of the I Scream, You Scream, We All Scream for Eye Scream, Parlour Ltd. on West 4th next to the Cibachrome Outfit.
34. The N. E. Thing Co. is always thinking about their on-going project, *What Is Art?*

— A.R.

## N. E. THING IS ART & OTHER DEFINITIONS

*N. E. Thing is art.* — N. E. Thing Co. Ltd.

The one thing to say about art is that it is one thing. Art is art-as-art and everything else is everything else. Art as art is nothing but art. Art is not what is not art.

— Ad Reinhardt, quoted in Joseph Kosuth, "Art After Philosophy," *Studio International*, Vol. 178 No. 915 (October 1969), p. 134.

This conceptual art then, is an inquiry by artists that understand that artistic activity is not solely limited to the framing of art propositions, but further, the investigation of the function, meaning, and use of any and all (art) propositions; and their consideration within the concept of the general term "art."

— Joseph Kosuth, "Introductory Note by the American Editor," *Art-Language*, Vol. 1 No. 1 (September 1970).

I have all the information in the world, all the mythic forms ever known, everything that I'm plugged into as a human being, for my raw material. My apparent use of experience is not meant to imply anything about that particular experience. It's a conceptual model which is meant to have implications for representation and revelation pointing toward everything else in a multi-leveled way. I'm really posing the question of renegotiation of experience, rather than saying, take my experience.

— Douglas Huebler, "Concept vs. Art Object," *Arts Magazine*, Vol. 46 No. 6 (April 1972), p. 53.

What art now has in its hand is mutable stuff which need not arrive at the point of being finalized with respect to either time or space. The notion that work is an irreversible process ending in a static icon-object no longer has much relevance.

— Robert Morris, in *Conceptual Art and Conceptual Aspects* (New York: The New York Cultural Center, 1970), p. 34.

1. The artist may construct the piece
2. The piece may be fabricated
3. The piece need not be built

Each being equal and consistent with the intent of the artist the decision as to conditions rests with the receiver upon the occasion of receivership.



*Cibachrome Photo Lab, 4th & Burrard, Vancouver, 1974.*

— Lawrence Weiner, "Documentation in Conceptual Art," *Arts Magazine*, Vol. 44 No. 6 (April 1970), p. 42.

Is there anything that is not art? I must admit in my own mind, it's not really outside the stream, but in the riverbed together with the rest of the water.

— Robert Barry, in Ursula Meyer, *Conceptual Art* (New York: E. P. Dutton, 1972), p. 14.

Works of art are analytic propositions. That is, if viewed within their context — as art — they provide no information whatsoever about any matter of fact. A work of art is a tautology in that it is a presentation of the artist's intention, that is he is saying that that particular work of art is art, which means, is a definition of art. Thus, that it is art is true *a priori*.

— Joseph Kosuth, "Art After Philosophy," *Studio International*, Vol. 178 No. 915 (October 1969), p. 136.

The idea becomes the machine that makes the art.

— Sol LeWitt, quoted in Joseph Kosuth, "Art After Philosophy," *Studio International*, Vol. 178 No. 915 (October 1969), p. 134.

The working premise is to think in terms of systems, the production of systems, the interference with and the exposure of existing systems.

— Hans Haacke, "Things and Theories," *Artforum*, Vol. X No. 9 (May 1973), p. 32.

Art-Language attempts to define the forms of judgment through an analysis of reason; instead of accepting the object as given, cognition itself is under examination.

— Lizzie Borden, "Three Modes of Conceptual Art," *Artforum*, Vol. X No. 10 (June 1972), p. 69.

I start by thinking I'm going to make use of all possibilities without troubling any longer about problems when something starts to be art. I don't make the *eternal* work of art, I only give visual information. I'm more involved with the process than the finished work of art. The part of my object is untranslated. I think objects are the most usual part of my work. I'm not really interested any longer to make an object.

— Jan Dibbets, in *Conceptual Art and Conceptual Aspects* (New York: The New York Cultural Center, 1970), p. 31.

A work of art may be understood as a conductor from the artist's mind to the viewers. But it may never reach the viewers, or it may never leave the artist's mind.

— Sol LeWitt, "Sentences on Conceptual Art," *Art-Language*, Vol. 1 No. 1 (May 1969).

The essential quality of existence concerns where one is at any instant in time: that locates everything else. Location, as a phenomenon of space and time, has been transported by most art forms into manifestations of visual equivalence: that is, as an experience located at the ends of the eyeballs. I am interested in transposing location directly into "present" time by eliminating things, the appearance of things, and appearance itself. The documents carry out that role using language, photographs and systems in time and location.

— Douglas Huebler, in *Conceptual Art and Conceptual Aspects* (New York: The New York Cultural Center, 1970), p. 31.

I really believe in having projects which in fact can't be carried out, or which are so simple that anyone could work them out. I once made four spots on the map of Holland, without knowing where they were. Then I found out how to get there and went to the place and took a snapshot. Quite stupid. Anybody can do that.

— Jan Dibbets, in Ursula Meyer, *Conceptual Art* (New York: E. P. Dutton, 1972), p. 121.

I'm not a poet and I'm considering oral communication as a sculpture. Because, as I said, if you take a cube, someone has said you imagine the other side because it's so simple. And you take the idea further by saying you imagine the whole thing without its physical presence. So now immediately you've transcended the idea of an object that was a cube into a word, without a physical presence. And you still have the essential features of the object at your disposal. So now, if you just advance a little, you end up where you can take up a word like time and you have the specific features of the word "time." You're just moving this idea of taking a primary structure and focusing attention on it.

— Ian Wilson, in *Conceptual Art and Conceptual Aspects* (New York: The New York Cultural Center, 1970), p. 39.

I do not mind objects, but I do not care to make them.

— Lawrence Weiner, in Ursula Meyer, *Conceptual Art* (New York: E. P. Dutton, 1972), p. 217.

Twenty-six gasoline stations, various small fires, some Los Angeles

apartments, every building on the Sunset Strip, thirty-four parking lots, Royal road test, business cards, nine swimming pools, crackers.

— Edward Ruscha, in *Conceptual Art and Conceptual Aspects* (New York: The New York Cultural Center, 1970), p. 35.

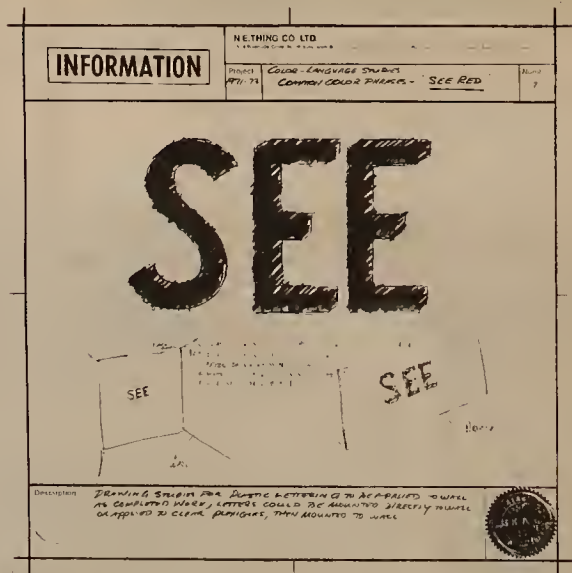
You work because you work; or  
You cannot *not* work.

— Ken Friedman, "Fluxus and Concept Art," *Art & Artists*, Vol. 7 No. 7 (No. 79, October 1972), p. 52.

— S.H.

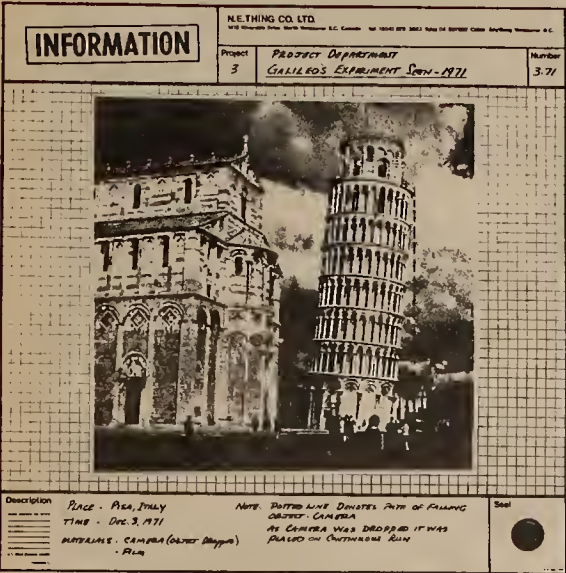


Act #32: Seven Steel Pilings Gravel Filled, White Lake Narrows, Ontario, Canada, 27½' x 40', black/white photo, 1968.



See, 18" x 18", felt pen on offset litho, 1973.





Galileo's Experiment Seen, 40" x 40", felt pen & photo on offset litho, 1971.



Cash in Hand, 19 1/2" x 23 1/2", hand-tinted black/white photo, 1972.



Planning, 16" x 19", black/white photo 1969.



President of a Company: Face Screwing, 36" x 42", mounted color photos, 1969.

INTERVIEW / N. E. THING CO.

Inn and Ingrid Baxter, co-presidents of the N. E. Thing Co., were interviewed on the evening of February 23rd at Ann Rosenberg's house. Paul Gresco, journalist, Paul Mitchell, partner in the Eye Scream Parlour, and Steve Harris of The Capilano Review were present. They are indicated by initials in the text.

The interview began with Paul Gresco asking Ann Rosenberg why the N. E. Thing Co. was of interest to her. Ann replied that the company was of interest chiefly because it demonstrated that art could be chosen, designated. She noted that while N. E. Thing Co. products had artistic value, they were not principally concerned with traditional craftsmanship.

InB There is craftsmanship in everything we do. It's just not the usual recognizable oil-painting technique-y craftsmanship — the kind of crafts that usually apply to the whole field of art.

PG So what kind of craftsmanship is entailed in your art?



Ingrid Baxter, detail of above.

**InB** The total making of, presenting your object (first of all) is a professionalism, and a craftsmanship in the basic concept of the idea. There is craftsmanship at that level. And then to take it beyond that, to present it in any form to anyone to understand, there is craftsmanship also involved. But it may involve photography, or it may involve knowing how to walk your fingers through the Yellow Pages, or how to use the right business format, or whatever else. But those are all levels of craftsmanship.

**AR** For example you use photographs: you have in many of your works a sense of the quick take.

**InB** Sometimes we use *bad* photographs, but they're perfectly used.

**AR** Sometimes they're bad, and that's okay. Within your aesthetic, that's proper.

**InB** And we do. I know oftentimes we're criticized for just that. People who are used to judging things for the artsy-craftsy direction of craftsmanship will pick up on that because it's a very easy thing to tag to.

**IB** And also a lot of people think everything we do is very easy to do, so it's very simple or easy.

**PG** Well, how do you defend yourself on that?

**InB** I can imagine just as I've done.

**PG** ... the criticism that it looks so easy: well, arranging rocks in a pile. I'm just purposefully playing devil's advocate.

**IB** Everything's easy once you've seen it done. When someone sees it — oh, well, a kid could do that. *Of course*, because you've seen the realization of the idea, or the thing that may *appear* very simple, but it's a whole thought process that's gone on.

**InB** So basically, I guess we're emphasizing the idea.

**SH** It's all related to Sensitivity Information, right?

**InB** Mm hm.

**SH** So that everything is worked through that idea, then.

**InB** That we sort of evolved as a method of explaining to people what we're doing, because you come up with the whole basic "what is art?" question. Is this "art"? Is a pile of rocks "art"? And we have so much hanging into that word "art" that the general public has clouded their minds with, that they can't see art. And so this is why we've introduced the concept of "sensitivity information."

**PG** Using your own broad definition of art: have you ever had a failure in any pieces you've done? Aren't you building in a safety factor for yourselves?

**InB** Our failures are in the garbage can. (Laughter)

**PG** Have they actually appeared in the garbage can?

**InB** Oh yeah; I think some things you do toss out. I don't think you would publicly present ... I think you work through an idea and you reject it, on one level. The garbage can may be a back corner of our mind or something, rather than the can outside.

**IB** Sometimes you get things that are just too trite.

**InB** And looking back, you have things that you're more pleased with or more satisfied with than others, or some things that you wish you'd done slightly differently.

**IB** It's also interesting to look back, say ten years ago, at things we did. And you realize that your maturity and your understanding were at a certain level. And you go back and appreciate how good *those* were given that limited knowledge.

**AR** I found, thinking back, that most of the things that I saw I still like to the same degree. I'm a little more puzzled about where you are right now.

**InB** That would probably be true if you went back at any single point in time; you would be puzzled at our "now" position.

**PG** I think more so now. Listen, I heard a criticism of you guys recently: that you're at kind of a plateau now and you really haven't re-established your presence on the West Coast.

**IB** That's great.

**InB** Perhaps that's our magnum opus. (Laughter)

**PG** The criticism is that you're really casting about wildly, and you haven't really focused on anything.

**InB** No, we're focusing. Focusing like hell.

**PG** Okay, that brings us into the whole economic thing.

**InB** Because that is our focus and direction, very solidly.

**PG** Hey, what the hell are you guys doing?

**InB** Bending the corkscrew and enjoying the feel. (Laughter)

**PG** No, seriously. In terms of getting out with these commercial ventures, why and how do you rationalize it?

**InB** I don't see it as getting out; out is the wrong word. It's getting deeper *in*, if anything.

**AR** Could we backtrack then, because what I wanted to ask is this: why are you as artists interested in business, and why do you keep nibbling on it, and what's happening.

**InB** That goes back a long way, doesn't it? Really to the very basics of what Iain began right at the very first. That folding screen is really a questioning of system. Can you take painting, as we had flowed through, and put it on a traditional Japanese format (the folding screen) which then gave you a totally new dimension? So that's questioning a system.

**IB** That very much upset the Japanese, by the way, because they have this traditional way with those paper things because their society is so ritualized. The folding screens are supposed to be done with sumi ink.\*

\*Note: Iain was in Japan on a painting scholarship in 1961. — AR

**InB** It was always so, huh? They had art galleries in department stores; so this is the next thing. Can you have art in department stores, in a public place, where you have far more people flowing through than you ever do if your art gallery is isolated? The traditional system of a gallery is to hang something on the wall, forget it for the next month ... We began thinking: well, 8,000 people come through a gallery in a month; 20,000 go through IBM in three days.

**PG** Looking back, can you see a real seminal thing in terms of the business involvement? You talk about the Japanese screen and Japanese department stores, but even beyond that was there something in either of you that said, "Business intrigues me"?

**InB** This was what I was building up to: that we were questioning systems. Can we present our visual ideas and our sensitivity information inside another kind of space? So what we're doing with the Eye Screen Parlour is building a vehicle to make visual statements, or sensitivity statements, or cultural statements of one sort or another. And so, the business *has* to be a financially rewarding thing for everyone involved. It has to turn bucks, so to speak. But the main point is to attempt to present a totally new, interesting environment for people to be in, to see new ideas to support. Maybe artists should no longer remain only in galleries and isolated spaces; they have a responsibility to the community.

**AR** I think we all sense that funds are drying up fast, and there's going to be this big, horrible depression or whatever; that artists are the first to lose their opportunity for grants. So it's a rational act also to survive, and also not lose your stance. For some artists to say, "Okay, I'm suddenly in business," you say, "Oh, sold out, eh?"

**InB** We're sold in. (Laughter)

**PG** You can rationalize it beautifully. How much of this is serendipity? If you had gone after and got a really nice York University-type job here, would you have gone into these business ventures with the same vengeance?

**IB** I think they would have happened, but maybe a little slower.

**PG** I'll have to admit that your leanings have always been that way.

**InB** There is a matter of necessity involved, I think.

**IB** But it was going to come at one point or other. We knew we wanted to go through with these things to find out what it was like.

**PG** Is the Cibachrome thing much more of a straight commercial venture with less room to play around visually?

**InB** Yes and no ...

**IB** (to Ingrid) I think yes and no, like you're saying.

**PG** Give me an example, then.

**InB** (to Iain) Which one do you want?

**IB** On the one hand "yes" — that's a tattoo I want to do one day. The way to do it is: I want to have a "no" and a "yes" in my hands so when a question comes up I can say, well, on the one hand "yes," on the other hand "no." I want to have them in my palm. (Laughter) The Cibachrome thing has been taking a good year or two to set up. It's much more complicated in one way than the restaurant idea, because it takes time to build its reputation.

**PG** Eventually what could happen with Cibachrome?

**IB** We see it functioning; we see the thing as theatre, and as re-organizing information. Here's a good point about it: we just bought space on the B.C. Directory — that secret book that has everybody's name and where they work. A guy phones up and says do you want to put an ad in, and we say okay. So we always



check into everything, and the art side of this happened. And I said, can we ever get on the cover? He said, sometimes there's a space available, and I think there's one right now. So he phones and he finds out that there's an outside strip on the cover available. It's amazing how they sell this. There's one strip; it's three-quarters of an inch. When you buy that, you automatically get a full page inside, and everything happens for you because you're on the cover.

So I got to thinking, and we talked about it. We decided they should have a ruler. So we put a ruler on, right on the edge, so people can measure things because you always want to measure pencils and stuff, right? So the ruler says: "We Measure Up — N. E. Professional Photo Display Lab — We Measure Up, see page such-and-such." Now maybe we'll do a print of this book, and it will say, because I know exactly how many books there are, because I can phone them, there's that many inches. All those inches, and the concept of the whole thing. It just opens up all the potential. If we ever show in a major art gallery again, then we will just churn all that stuff back in there, present all sides of it, juggle it, and give you new ways of looking at things.

AR Do you suppose that when you do your Art Gallery show in the next year that you'll be starting to refer to your businesses?

IB Oh yeah; it's going to start moving. We have a show coming up in the Vancouver Art Gallery with about half the Gallery in next December. When that goes on, we'll be heavily promoting — just presenting all these businesses, right inside a public space. It'll be like putting a burr under the saddle of that situation which will then probably upset people in a very healthy way.

AR You'll have to have an ice cream parlour right in the gallery.

IB That's what we're going to do. We'll give tickets for ten cents off a cone, all kinds of things. Plus, we'll probably take heavy ads out that month. We'll be able to say, no business in Vancouver has ever had a show in an art gallery!

We want to have videotapes of how to lick a cone. We were thinking of having a contest of beautiful women just sitting licking cones, and see which is the most beautiful girl that can

lick a cone. We could go into a whole, erotic level like that which would be really fun. But it also has the seriousness of like, A & W does Miss Teen Canada. Maybe we will have an ice cream cone art show from various paintings and stuff.

PAI You were saying before that, to make a business work, you've got to go through with the same processes that you do to make a piece of art work. And to make the artwork function, you have to do the same sort of thing as in the business.

IB In our society there are certain businessmen — a number of men are just super geniuses in terms of the level of sensitivity they move to — using all the tools in the structure they work with.

PG Does the word "satire" say anything to you in terms of what you're doing? I just have to get that out of the way. I mean, just that word, bald, unadorned: does it explain anything of what you're doing? Or is that too weak a word, or is it not precise enough, or is it relevant? I just want to throw it on the table.

InB (Looking) Find it? (Laughter)

PG It's reeling around there, waiting to be seen.

IB A lot of those words work for us, like wit, and satire, and irony.

PG Those are three very distinct words.

InB What do you mean by satire, then?

PG I guess I have to get your definition.

SH I haven't thought of you as real satirists, although you always approach everything with a sense of humour.

PG (To Steve) Then what do you see them as?

InB We've been to Yuma, and have a sense thereof. (Laughter) I guess as you say it Paul, I don't really know what you mean.

IB But whatever it is, I think we do some of it. (Laughter) I think that if you can juggle humour and satire and irony, you can get new insights. That's what McLuhan talks about: using satire and humour as probes for getting new ways of looking at things. I think we've been just doing them intuitively.

InB Can you think of anything more satirical than an N. E. Thing Company? An artist doing a business? Bizarre!

SH I was reading through *Six Years* at the library. It said that the reason Lucy Lippard was so interested in you initially was that you were carrying out many investigations simultaneously with American artists without being aware of what they were doing as well. How much were you aware of current conceptual trends?

InB No, a lot of the stuff... An example is: up at Simon Fraser, we dug a quart hole and put a quart of paint in it. And I think a week later we saw in *Look Magazine* (which was still alive at

that time) that Larry Weiner had filled a hole in the earth with paint. And his approach to that same thing was a different approach. We did a quart and a quart. There are differences involved in it.

IB That's one of the problems you suffer: being provincial. It's the same problem [*The Capilano Review*] suffers from in terms of the magazines that come out of New York or London, or other quarterlies. It's the very idea that, for some reason, if you happen to live in a major city or the major power base, then everything else that happens outside is not as crucial or important. We've always been fighting against that.

InB We were hit — we've not been to New York very many times — I think me only twice — but I was really struck by the provincialism of New York, how extremely narrow it was. Unless it happened in New York, it hadn't happened at all. They're so closed to everything that's going on — it was amazing to me. And it's only people like Lucy that break out of that and realize there are things happening elsewhere, and have a bit of conscience, responsibility, wherewithal to bring it into New York to get it into the galleries.

IB Like for instance, when they did that big show of information in New York several years ago, '69 or something; it was a major show of people all over the world doing this information thing. Then the review in *Newsweek* covered mostly the guys in New York. And I've talked to Lucy Lippard and people, and what happens is the guy who writes it lives there and knows these few people. And he just phones them and says, hey, have you got a photograph Joe, or Jack, and the guy runs a photograph in.

And so we wrote a letter to the editor which said that the whole information show was based on the theory of communication and the exchange of ideas, and that they were so provincial they couldn't even use the processes involved in the show to find out and to contact other people in various parts of the country. You can pick up a phone and phone somebody, and take the thing down in telex or whatever. There's piles of stuff, right? And it's very frustrating when you can't really do anything about it unless you move to New York. Or, if you decide to stay somewhere else and just comment on it, then you have to get more powerful so you can hit New York with a certain power.

And we've done essentially some of that because we were able to make it into *Time International* and on the covers of certain magazines. It all happened by just using media. A lady asked for a bunch of information for an article. She somehow got our name through Lucy and she phoned us. And so I sent her a telex — a telegram right to her house — just using the systems where someone else wouldn't do it. They might phone, or walk to her place or something. And it just amazed her because she couldn't believe that someone would do those things. So it was using, penetrating through very powerful means.

PM Was that why you put a telex machine in your office?

IB Yeah. It's really a useful tool

AR Do you still have one?

IB No, I haven't been able to pay for one. But we'll eventually get one, in the restaurant or somewhere.

We've been very much involved with all those things, and the sad thing is these things cost a lot of money. And I think artists have had one of the worst shakes. All artists — I'm talking theatre, music and everybody. In universities, in terms of research. Because they don't want to give funds to guys that do research in areas considered non-scientific or something. But I think it's just as valid in terms of making our lives more wholesome and more understandable and more reasonable to deal with everything. But the arts don't get the research grants, right? I fully agree with having research on health activities and so on, but the health of our people may be very much concerned with the fact that they aren't having a healthy balance with quality of life.

SH So what the problem is, is probably that things are divided into categories — and certain categories are allowed that research money and others aren't.

IB I think categoritis is one of our worst diseases.

PG One of the things I want to get, in terms of the piece I want to do on you guys for the book, is why you came back to the West Coast. Is it strictly an anti-Toronto, anti-Eastern feeling, or is it really because the West Coast means something to you?

InB You know *precisely* why we came back here. (Laughter) Why are you here?

PG Exactly. But I want to get all the people I talk to, to talk about the coast, or B.C.

InB One of my ways of describing that is when we had the trip to Europe: a year to travel around, explore our roots, meet our relatives and see where we came from. We were on the Isle of Skye and ran into a girl who spoke Gaelic. We said, "Are you from Skye?" And she said, "Aye, I belong to Skye." And I had not heard it put that way. And so then, of course, immediately









# The INNIS HERALD

THE INNIS HERALD  
CANADIAN ICON CALENDAR FOR 1977

*All photographs from standards sold in Canada*

JANUARY		FEBRUARY		MARCH		APRIL		MAY		JUNE		JULY		AUGUST		SEPTEMBER		OCTOBER		NOVEMBER		DECEMBER	
S	30	2	9	16	23	6	13	20	27	3	10	17	24	31	7	14	21	28	30	2	9	16	23
M	31	3	10	17	24	7	14	21	28	4	11	18	25	1	8	15	22	29	31	6	13	20	27
Tu		4	11	18	25	5	12	19	26	5	12	19	26	2	9	16	23	30		7	14	21	28
W		1	8	15	22	6	13	20	27	6	13	20	27	3	10	17	24	31	1	8	15	22	29
Th		2	9	16	23	7	14	21	28	7	14	21	28	4	11	18	25		2	9	16	23	30
F		3	10	17	24	8	15	22	29	8	15	22	29	5	12	19	26		3	10	17	24	31
S		4	11	18	25	9	16	23	30	9	16	23	30	6	13	20	27		4	11	18	25	



the question goes falling over yourself: where do you belong? And I think if I have any definition of a feeling of belonging to any part of the landscape or world or whatever, it's Vancouver.

**IB** Let's look at an idea I'm thinking of now; that possibly when you create certain major ideas in your life in a certain locality, the environmental ideas themselves are the reason you want to stay there — because of the ideation that evolved.

**InB** That happened at a certain point, huh? We talk about our aesthetic being based on distance; and this meaning from Toronto, from New York, from the whole publishing centres of our industry.

**PG** The reason I'm here is because everything has happened in Toronto, as far as I'm concerned. There's so many possibilities here. It's still unformed. The frontier quality... frontier meaning not a boundary in the conventional sense, but a place unexplored.

**IB** Just what I said earlier: the frontier could be the problem of trying to deal with provincialism. Because I think that's a major problem in the world. It's a problem of the Third World: all these smaller countries trying to deal with these big countries.

**PG** You're dealing with the long distance.

**IB** It's a way of trying to do something about everything.

**InB** Some people need New York, some people need Toronto, and we don't seem to have that need. Our work is cut out for us.

**PG** Self-contained?

**InB** It doesn't really matter where we are. We don't have to have the stimulus of lots of other happenings and doings to continue to do what we're doing.

**IB** But it does matter that it happens.

**PG** Are you implying that in terms of stimulus, there's less here for you people than there is in Toronto or New York?

**InB** No, I'm perhaps implying almost the opposite. Because like I was explaining before: being hit with the provincialism of New York — it really hit me.

We were involved in the Sao Paulo Exhibition at that time, and the New York artists were boycotting it. And if you went to a New York art party and you had not agreed to boycott the Sao Paulo Exhibition, you were absolutely ostracized. It was that kind of social group pressure. At that time we were doing the A.C.T.s and A.R.T.s, and one of the acts that we claimed was workers turning chili beans, you know; it had a nice formation.

**AR** That must have made you very popular. (Laughter)

**IB** But they were writing letters, and Lucy and those guys were telling us as Canadians to go along with this whole thing. And we felt, we're in a different country and there's a different point of view.

**InB** No, I think our stimulus is broader than any locale, perhaps. I think the stimulus for our work...

**IB** It's from all locales, and at the same time, from one.

**AR** But what you're really into is the art of living. If people know what they ought to know about a lot of art: that it does involve style, and attitudes, and sensuality and intellect and all those things... But most people don't take the trouble to attach those values to art or even think that art is more than something to look at.

**IB** Part of our driving force is all of that, and I don't know how it comes out.

**AR** It's that line between art and life that's being worn through. What you're trying to do, I think, is to make the common experience the force or the source of where art is, which I think it is to an amazing degree. On the other hand, unless one is aware in a very complex sense of all the different things that make you do any particular thing that you do, then it seems too much like life and not quite like art.

**InB** It's part of the whole educational process.

**IB** And partly, doing the Eye Scream restaurant is going to be this way of bringing it closer to the everyday real values.

We've both grown. I would like more people to share in that feeling, because I think it's very rewarding to be able to get off on life in that way; so that you don't have to have all kinds of camouflage, and you can see things and appreciate things. In other words, raise your sensitivity level to be able to do that.

**InB** At its very simplest, it's probably just a process of, hey, I like this; don't you?



Stamping Machine, 8" x 10", black/white photo study, 1974.  
Photography: Tod Greenaway rephot these images from the archives of the N. E. Thing Co. Ltd.

## 'Who are the significant people of our age?'

An interview with Tom Cooper

FROM

### 100 MILE HOUSE FREE PRESS

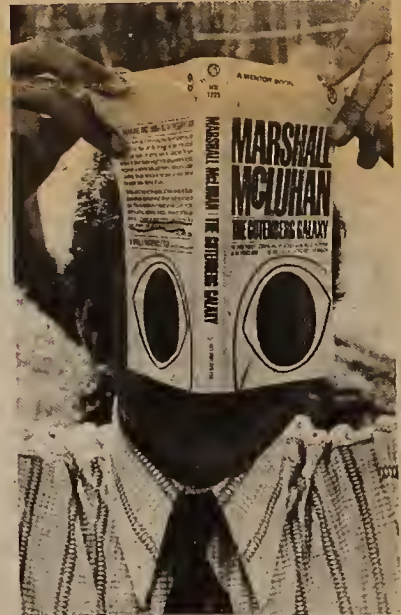
Tom Cooper, playwright, composer, scholar, art critic, former Harvard lecturer in film and drama, and author of a forth-coming book about the world's leading thinkers, is visiting 100 Mile House during September to study the holistic way of life practiced by the 100 Mile House Lodge community. Tom is currently studying for his Ph. D. in Drama at the University of Toronto where he has studied with Marshall McLuhan for the past three years. Cooper's book, which considers the ideas of Harold Innis and Marshall McLuhan attempts to answer the question "How may we, among many popular prophets, gurus, and intellectuals, determine who are the truly significant people of our age?"

**PENNY TRAFF:** How is your research on great thinkers related to your present visit at 100 Mile House?

**TOM COOPER:** In a world increasingly dominated by specialists it is rare to find holistic thinkers such as Harold Innis and Marshall McLuhan. It is likewise rare to find people living life holistically as they do within the 100 Mile House Lodge Community.

**PT:** What exactly do you mean by the word "holistic"?

**TC:** Holistic thinking means considering every aspect of significant knowledge when studying the human condition and holistic living means living one's life as it fits into the whole network of patterns within society and the universe rather than living one's life blindly. Most specialists wear blinders which prevent them from experiencing the full spectrum of human creativity.



"McLuhan brought a new way of seeing the world," says Tom Cooper, who brings a new way of seeing McLuhan.

Marshall McLuhan, Harold Innis, Martin Cead, signify a turn away from specialized approaches to world "problems" toward the holistic way of thought and life.

**PT:** People often remember Marshall McLuhan for his saying "The Medium is the Message." How does this saying relate to our everyday lives?

**TC:** How something is said is more important than what is being said. If I tell you something by telephone it is completely different than if I tell it to you on the street

corner. And if I broadcast a message to you by television, it has a very different meaning than if I write a play in which one of the actors tells it to you... You see there are numerous subliminal and surrounding factors which will determine what you really decide to do in response to what is being said. And although people think that the

violence on television occurs when a violent sentence is spoken, the true violence is the violence of the electron tube bombarding both the eye and the ear with concepts and ads and cathode light waves which transform society in



hidden ways. Electric lighting would be another technology

which changed people's attitudes and activities. Eighty years ago Cariboo towns had no night life but the invention of electricity entirely changed that and now we have night-club acts and drive-in theatres and television and a whole network of surrounding nightly activities which would be impossible without electric lighting. So every invention may completely change the human environment and outlook if people do not have the necessary vision to see the side effects of their invention. "The medium is the message" means "no matter what you say, its what you do that counts" or, restated, "its not what you say, its the tone of voice you use . . . or the instrument of communication you choose within a particular situation." In short, although everyone sits around analyzing the visible aspects of mass media, its the invisible aspects which really matter. PT: Why has McLuhan been so popular?

TC: Its interesting that you use the words "has" and "been" because the mass media make McLuhan look like a "has-been". The mass media create a celebrity one day and pronounce his public obituary the next.

But the fickle conventional wisdom of the mass media has nothing to do with whether a man's observations and accomplishments are truly significant. McLuhan, for example, has been consistently producing creative and insightful material since the early 1950's but the mass media did not exploit his phrase-making abilities until the mid-1960's and shortly thereafter they likewise created the notion that he was passé. This sort of superficial, topical, and self-centered attitude of news-makers makes it difficult for the public to determine which leaders and thinkers are truly inventive and exploratory and which ones are shallow. So that's why McLuhan has been so popular—because the mass



"Man imaginea himaelf sandwiched between time and technology...but actually the two constitute a bridge to his new state of consciousness." Metaphore means BRIDGE

media made him popular on Monday and passe on Tuesday.

The reason he is still popular among thoughtful people who care about mankind is that, like Harold Innis and Martin Cecil, McLuhan draws attention to the fact that people have been sleep-walking. In this somnambulist state they see the giant shadow of technology cast across their path. As the shadow seems to grow, they fail to understand its meaning. And so they hypothesize and speculate about its meaning by asking absurd questions like "Will man be turned into robots?" and "will television destroy our culture?" without realizing that the only way to understand the shadow is to wake up! McLuhan came along and said that when you do wake up, you realize that the shadow is actually an extension of yourself. . . since we create it, the respon-

sibility is with us to understand it and particularly its long-range effects which we never consider until it seems too late.

PT: Your own life seems quite "holistic" in that you have a simultaneous interest in many fields, you perform and create within most of the arts, and you cultivate various skills outside your "specialty." How do you find the holistic life-style?

TC: It's terrific. People have the concept that they have two options before them—one is to become competent in one field and the other is to become a "jack of all trades, master of none." Why not try a third option — become a master of all trades. When one hundred people come together with training in numerous backgrounds who take turns at various activities such as happen in the 100 Mile House Lodge community, there is a quick learning



"SUBURBIA HAS SEPARATED nature from culture, 100 Mile House has a beautiful blend of both."

from each other a number of areas of expertise. No longer socialized into thinking that they must be experts in some tiny area of knowledge, each person discovers that together they know a great deal more than any one of them imagined possible. They find that they have unlimited creative potential in every area of life. People like McLuhan discover that the confusing, jungle-like octopus of expanding technology may be understood if it is seen against the larger context of the whole history of the earth and its inhabitants.

PT: You seem quite optimistic about man's future and each

Tom Cooper wrote and directed the play "Is Nothing Sacred?" performed last spring in the Innis Town Hall.

person's potential to live a full and meaningful life. Do you have a name for this optimistic philosophy or religion?

TC: No. Philosophy and religion, like science, education, and politics are just tiny parts of something larger which no institution or creed can monopolize or eradicate. And that something, which we call "life", can obviously be understood in only one way... by living... a whole life to its fullest. Then and only then does one reach the exciting realization that "life" is the medium and we are message.

— Ed.

## "The Interior Landscape" depicts "the Hitherandthithering Waters of" "Man and His Symbols."

By BILL DRURY

Marshall McLuhan, James Joyce and Carl Jung (editor) respectively.

McLuhan: "By extending the technique of reporting the co-existence of events in China and Peru from global space to the dimension of time, Joyce achieved the actualized realism of a continuous present for events past, present and future."

Joyce: "Can't you hear with the waters of. The chattering waters of."

McLuhan: "Once picturesque art, following the spectroscopic, had broken up the linear continuum of linear art and narrative the possibility of cinematic montage emerged at once. And montage has to be arranged forwards or backwards. Forwards it yields narrative. Backwards it is reconstruction of events. Arrested it consists of the static landscape of the press, the co-existence of all aspects of community life. This is the image of the city presented in 'Ulysses'."

Joyce: "Fluttering bats, fieldmice bawlk talk."

Paul Klee: "Which artist would not wish to dwell at the central organ of all motion in space-time . . . from which all functions derive their life?"

Joyce: "Can't hear with-bawlk of bats, all them liffeying waters of."

Paul Klee: "In the womb of nature, in the primal ground of creation, where the secret key to all things lies hidden? . . . Our beating heart drives us downwards, far down to the primal ground."

Joyce: "Hot talk save us!"

A. Jaffe: "The deeper the dissolution of 'reality', the more the picture loses its symbolic content."

Joyce: "My foos won't moos. I feel as old as yonder elm."

A. Jaffe: "The reason for this lies in the nature of the symbol and its func-

tion. The symbol is . . . the known expressing the life and sense of the inexpressible."

Joyce: "A tale told of Shaun or Shem? All Livia's daughtersons."

Jaffe: "But in . . . abstract paintings, the world of the known has completely vanished. Nothing is left to form a bridge to the known."

Joyce: "Dark hawk hear us."

Jaffe: "... these paintings . . . often tum out to be more or less exact images of nature itself, showing astounding similarity with molecular structure of organic and inorganic elements of nature."

Joyce: "Night! Night! My ho head hawks. I feel as heavy as yonder stone."

Carl Jung: "The deeper layers of the psyche . . . lose their individual uniqueness as they retreat farther and farther into darkness."

Joyce: "Night now! Tell me, tell me, tell me elm!"

Jung: "... as they approach the autonomous functional systems they become increasingly collective until they are universalized and extinguished in the bodies materiality i.e. chemical substances. The body's carbon is simply carbon. Hence 'at bottom' the psyche is simply 'world'."

Joyce: "Night! Night! Telmetale of stem or stone."

A. Jaffe: "The 'great abstraction' and the 'great realism' which parted at the beginning of our century, have come together again . . . the point of union is reached in modern abstract paintings. But this is attained completely unconsciously . . . If (the artist's) work is performed in a more or less unconscious way, it is controlled by laws of nature that, on the

deepest level, correspond to the laws of the psyche, and vice versa."

Joyce: "Beside the rivering waters of, hither-and-thithering waters of. . . Night!"

In summary: "Joyce made the penultimate breakthrough, as Pound . . . quickly perceived . . . 'Ulysses' at last read as a whole, Pound finally determined what he was doing in the 'Cantos'."

All manner of modern preoccupations, it was clear, Linguistics, anthropology, biology, folklore, economics, so interrogate present phenomena as to open up tunnels in time, down which we see to an archetypal past whose shadows, under our transparent present, lend weight, and nerve, and import. And is with Madame Sososhis and her Tarot pack, the seer is inseparable from what is seen." H. Kenner, "The Pound Era".





Harold Innis 1894-1952

Harold Innis'

## IDEA FILE

"It is written but I say unto you" is a powerful directive to Western Civilization. From preface, *Empire and Communications*

"The Idea File"

itself, actually does exist here at the U of T and is available for your perusal.

"It represented simply ideas which came to him at various times touching upon all sorts of different subjects. Some of these ideas may well have been prompted by books he was reading or by people he was talking with. But, however at the moment they were arrived at, it is clear that they were very much a product of his thought. Through these notes, as a result we come close to following the inner processes of his mind."

— from prefatory note by S.D. Clark

**DUBLIN** — Irish rebellion a reflection of influence of metropolitan growth of Dublin and six counties a reflection of the metropolitan power of Belfast. Population in Ireland almost stationary over long period — first slight increase in present year (1950) after long period of decline — urban development at expense of rural areas. Strong pagan tradition — belief in banshees also in ghosts — continuance of wake although effort of church to stamp it out because of drink. Praise of Joyce but reluctant to proud him. Influence of elevator — houses of Dublin and European cities limited to 5 and 6 stories in contrast with American apartments and hotels following use of elevator. Attempt to revive Erse — compulsory teaching — apt to produce illiterate in both languages. Dublin advantages in separation i.e. prestige income from embassies escape from German bombing and possibly heavy defense expenditures.

**DUPONTS** — Delaware — small proprietary state — Wilmington centre of Duponts — latter becoming more powerful in Baltimore. How far small land states New Jersey, etc., become centres of capitalistic control — centralization of land followed by centralization of capital.

**EAR AND EYE** — Bennett — Shakespearean audience — enormous importance of an ear trained audience in contrast with modern eye of trained audience — difficulties of writing with printing — emphasis on memory and on time.

How far education in schools an emphasis on ear — recitation and more oral tradition after Augustus lost vitality in religion and codification of

recent emphasis on eye — how far law. Growth of writing and loss of creative power after Horace and Virgil. Shock of discovery of oral tradition due to prestige of written tradition after Renaissance (i.e. discovery of sagas, etc.) Beginnings of German literature indicate appeal to oral tradition — i.e. sagas or Homer and Pindar rather than written tradition.

Logic of print and writing and reading. Gesture — visible to eye — word — ear. Writing return to eye but for long period eye supplementary to ear. Enormous importance of oral tradition in religion and literature.

Speed of print or of eye as compared with ear or oral tradition but elaborate training necessary to seize at rate glance what has been written as to do usual work consequently compared with listening — Persistence — concentrating on memory and recital — tendency of lecture in handling more stories — how far do epics reflect abstract material and presumably lack of interest in colour and emblem being more effective and less final phase on music and sound.

Koran memorized by large numbers and consequently a tremendous pressure exists to prevent any changes. This in turn reflected in — emphasis on blindness and on ear customs of people. In India music in — of hearing. Also Latin reading of oral tradition. Combination of oral mass by priests. Episcopalian chain and written apparently makes for of tradition in apostolic succession rigidity and conservatism. Oral — writing introduced to protect and alone slowly adapts itself. See Milner's comment on empires in Shotwell's diary.

Children of the blind bard — reciters changes. This in turn reflected in — emphasis on blindness and on ear customs of people. In India music in — of hearing. Also Latin reading of oral tradition. Combination of oral mass by priests. Episcopalian chain and written apparently makes for of tradition in apostolic succession rigidity and conservatism. Oral — writing introduced to protect and alone slowly adapts itself. See Milner's comment on empires in Shotwell's diary.

Importance of monopoly of communication developed along bias of Galbraith — literacy of English a medium and implications to civilizing in medieval period — sealization — emergence of new medium preceding writing — i.e. symbol act to offset bias — i.e. appeal to eye accompanying oral tradition — change rather than ear, to space rather than time.

Division between arts influenced by eye and by ear — latter oral tradition, music, poetry, drama. Eye — architecture, sculpture, mathematics, painting, writing, printing, prose. Plato — danger of oral tradition — expulsion of poets — danger of music in military interests — i.e. bag pipes.

Contrast between ear and eye in effective communication — children born deaf have much more difficult time than those born blind — Writing tends to divide between those who write and read and those who read — passive and active — more effective division than between speaker and listener but speaker may assume active role.

"For the ear trieth words as the mouth tasteth meat." Job 34:3

Alternative swings of communication from eye to ear and ear to eye — weariness of one sense offset by dependence on other.

Alphabet meant relation to sounds in contrast to sight — latter characteristic of empire — former — especially Greek civilization — return to sight with printing and to sounds with music. See also Alphabet, p. 14.

**EASTMAN** — Language built up as part of aristocratic system — objection of Eastman to revised spelling — hierarchy implicit in language — Facility of English language as medium for trade — trade wears down aristocratic texture.

**ORAL TRADITION** — Ask allowance for bias toward written tradition to strengthen conclusions regarding oral tradition.

Oral tradition — Gay, Bullock — individual doing very little writing but exercising a profound influence over students — stimulating them in teaching.

Political evidences of continuation of oral tradition

Oral Tradition among primitive peoples give evangelical religions great advantage since they also have a large element of oral tradition.

Struggle between oral and written tradition accompanied by violence such as led by the death of Tiberius Gracchus — as abuse reduced to writing it became effective — as a base for suits in the provision of evidence — empire meant emergence of measures to check attacks in writing and censorship. Oral tradition permitted abusive attacks i.e. of Cicero.

Oral tradition after Augustus lost vitality in religion and codification of

in government reflected by change in literacy of kings — use of seal related to literacy — Importance of period in which people became accustomed to ideas reflected in writing before learning to read and write — problem of shift from oral to written tradition of enormous difficulty.

Interest in poetry in Scotland and old world — monument to Burns and to other poets reflects power of oral tradition — compared with lack of interest in new world.

Oral and religion versus law and written tradition.

"Out of frequent and close conversation and much social intercourse a light is of a sudden kindled in the mind, as from a fire that leaps forth, which when once generated keeps itself alive." (Plato)

Ecclesiastical profession emphasized oral tradition and legal profession writing — i.e. contrast Cody and Smith

Problem of oral tradition supported by radio weakening printed tradition — i.e. explanation of failure of polls — lack of contact between oral and printed — Limitation of propaganda in Germany and Italy — control over mechanism failed to imply control over oral tradition.

## Nationalism or Separatism World Wide Phenomenon? Or A House Within A Home?

England, Canada? Spain, China the Route 66 that the typewriter and, under various disguises, other paved for everyone: "Positional countries on this planet, are ex-warfare is finished both in private and corporate action. In business as

I was going to write this article in society 'getting on' may mean largely around observations concerning electronic technology being world that is an echo chamber of the ground or situation in which instantaneous celebrity."

Nora is cast in stark contrast to her husband who is still "getting made, as Harold Innis has said, ahead" in the old sense by getting "each man his own telephone ex-promoted. The Doctor too knew change" and his comment is not an something about "getting on" in the exaggeration of society's new-found world of the late 19th century and in abilities to decentralize. With communication at the speed of light the sender is sent with infinite mass.

Multi-national companies now argued that he was the first drop-out circumvent governments, individuals or any other power vortex to obtain and use the only real "commodity" in the 20th century: information.

Centralization, that is, delegation of authority, ended with the telegraph because "the man at the other end" could now become his own information service, his own gathering.

As I said, I was going to write this article expanding on these ideas but enter this correspondent 2nd Friday last to a theatre to view the film version of Ibsen's "A Doll's House" to ask:

Is the psyche of Nora and Torvald Helmer related to separatism, old nationalism or aggression in general?

Was Nora Helmer the first drop-out? Was she the first "American Woman"? The first "career woman"? The first soul-searcher sacrifice to the Mechanical Bride? At last a theatrical model for Edvard Munch? Are there not still millions of mechanical dolls walking about?

Three generations later would Nora become Network's "Diane"? One of the huge, invisible media grounds in which this play was written and takes place is the typewriter.

G.K. Chesterton commented about the turn of the century women: "... refused to be dictated to and went out and became stenographers."

Certainly a Saturday Nite Live parody of this play would have Nora going through her lines carrying a typewriter under her right arm.

Marshall McLuhan in Chapter 26 "The Typewriter" in *Understanding Media* lights up

The desire for piles of typed memos or piles of bodies, all dead, untouched by human hands, was Hitler's dream world. What does the electronic world offer?

In the new social ground of electronic technology, the usage of CB and Videophone offer not just receiving equipment but radio and TV broadcasting facilities to each individual. Perhaps one of the garbled manifestos of "separatism" in this new social ground is "Who needs nationalism on a globe that can communicate as one would in a village?"

There are many types of borders, frontiers, gaps and interfaces, environments and anti-environments, most of them invisible and deep within our psyche. It is only with these invisible gaps that we communicate at all.

The soldier is traditionally the laborer in the construction of new political borders while flag-waving politicians, generals, and arms and logistics manufacturers pool-poth the bloodshed while displaying a dove banded with some purer cultural or "nationalist" heritage. Homogeneous worlds of that sort are long gone with instant global ("sender is sent") invasion by communication.

In this echo chamber of cultures, the ground of electronic technology in Western Civilization is now substituting our sense of space for a sense of time, giving us an ear for an eye. What are we to think of those who still retain a "nationalist", visual, or empire-like dream?

Ibsen's *Dolls' House* existed in a political ground (turn of the century) shifting to electronic. The shift is now complete.

In this social ground of instant information, instant superstar, instant general, instant politician, instant corporation, it can be no comfort to the mechanical doll to be reminded that with changes at the speed of light, the Dolls' House has no home.



The Scream

Edvard Munch

Meanwhile back in Peris Picasso and Braque were inventing camouflage.

— Editor



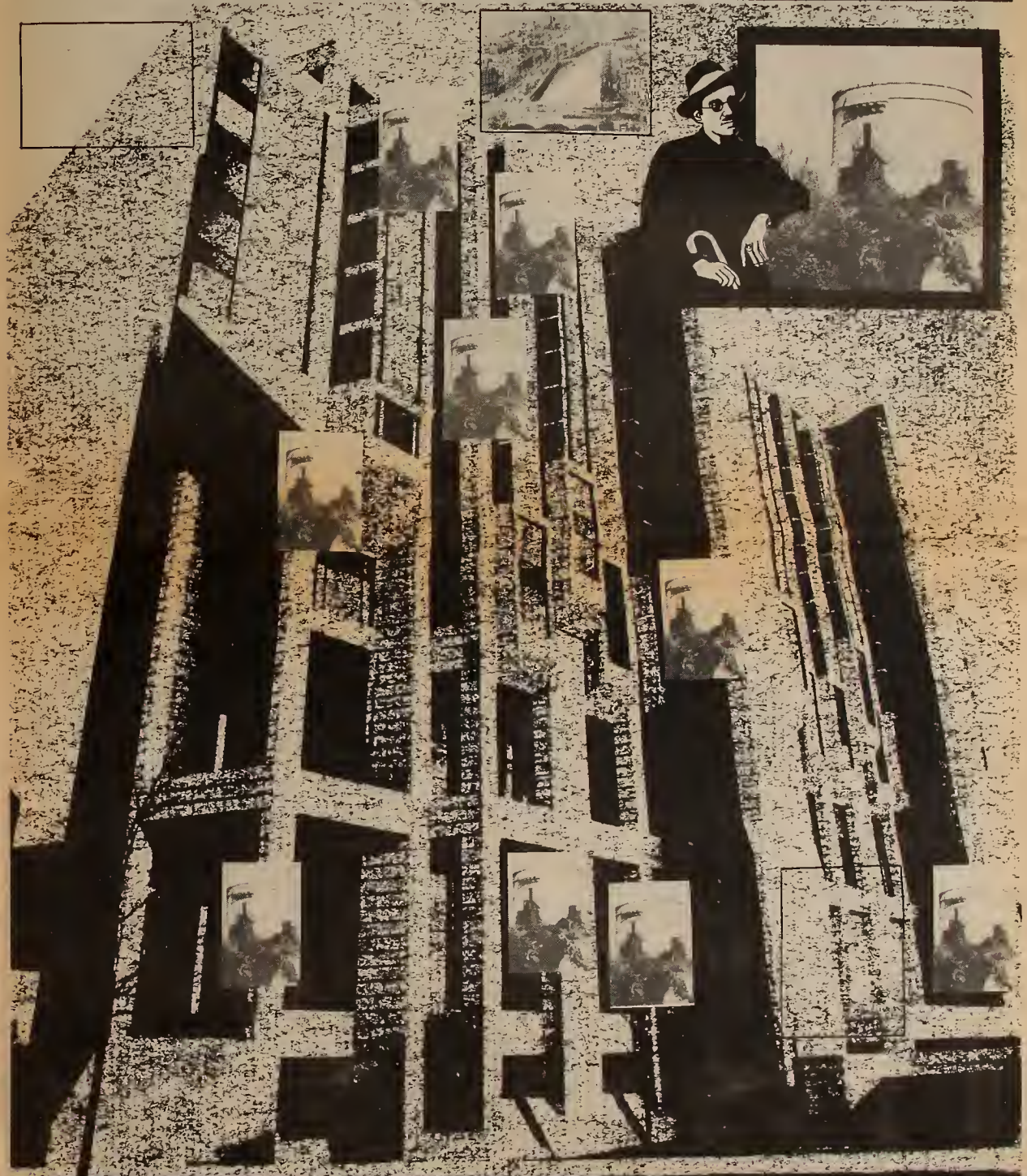
# The INNIS HERALD

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*Joyce and his tower and 9 plus 1 or  
ariverliffeyphotoeditorialproof?*

For first readers of the HERALD - the background is a photo of the U. of T.'s flagship of overbuilding and impersonality - the robot library.



by JOE KEOGH

# Media and the Classroom

(Some Talking Points)



## I. The Writing on the Walls:

### LITERACY AND EDUCATION

Graffiti signals the end of that exclusive prerogative of the teacher, scribbling on public walls (blackboards).

Writing began with the public inscription on stone, and the baked bricks in government archives. It is ending with illegible scrawls of protest on sidewalks and public walls.

Printed posters in the living area proclaim a final recognition of our violated privacy, as effected by telephone and television. A man's car is his drawbridge.

An important function of the medieval classroom, the manufacture of manuscripts, disappeared when the printed book replaced the written text during the Renaissance. In that reformation, the commonplace book was replaced by the personal diary; and public argument and disputation, by private interpretation.

"Thinking" had been a largely passive activity in the medieval world, as reflected in the older dative forms "methencest" and "methinks", the sense of which still remains in such syntax as "It seems to me" and "It strikes me."

As the acquisition of facts became a more passive process with silent reading — less mimetic, less imitative and do-it-yourself — the intellectual process may have become more active (i.e. "original").

The technology of printing mass-produced books, and produced the fast, silent reader. It encouraged the process of making thought, as well as taking it — i.e. "thinking", or *talking* to one's self.

In the present day, with equal but opposite bias, the electric media promote speedy but silent listening, with little dialogue. In today's classroom the meditative student doesn't talk to himself — he *listens*.

If thinking is the instant replay resulting from the act of reading, then today's meditative student hears the greatly delayed replay from dozens of dimly remembered broadcasts.

The printed book promoted private judgment as the standard authority, whose point of view was the measure of all it surveyed. The newer media foster the "inner ear", that mystic oracle of mental balance which might be styled: "You tum me on. *Now hear this.*"

## II: On-Put and Off-Take

### CHANGING ROLE OF TEACHERS

It has been suggested that electric media have had the effect of ending teaching in the classroom, much as the printed book ended learning in it. After the battle of the books, the first reaction of the teacher was to enter into competition with the press, becoming in pathetic fallacy a "talking book", or an authority — a term whose debased sense merely concealed a well-read man. In our televised world, he is expected to rival the real educator, the celebrity.

With the assistance of the A-V department, the teacher functions as enlightened disc-jockey and master of ceremonies for the small studio audience whose reactions are monitored with interest by the principal on the school intercom.

It is thus hardly surprising to discover that the teacher alone finds it possible to learn anything in a classroom situation. The significance of media-generated "relevance" in the classroom ensures that the student assumes the role of educator. It is the main reason he is unable to learn anything.

The new media have created an instantaneous, tribalized world where traditional roles are reversed, and the teacher no longer deprograms the student. He debriefs him.

In an age of public opinion, where leaders assume the role of followers, and sheep do bring men up, the well-read man has ceased to educate. It is students who program the teacher in a world which calls itself "the family of Man," and which makes us an offer we cannot refuse.

## III: There Wasn't A Dry Seat in the House:

### CHANGING ROLE OF STUDENTS

Only the individual can learn: the group passes judgment. Programmed by the media, the student sits in the middle, and knows. Generations of liberal skepticism have led us back to an age of credulity.

By the 18th century, the reading public created by mass-produced books had become the writer's real patron. Today the public patron has been transformed into a regal matron — the archetypal Listener who gives audience, and holds hearings.



ABCEd minded?

All "inner light" implies outer darkness. In *The Dunciad*, Pope only accused the hack writers and teachers of such duncity. In Joyce's 20th century sequel, *Ulysses*, also a mock-*Odyssey* replete with spurious wisdom, the speedy reader inhabits a similar Limbo in that shadowy valley of deadlines, a newspaper *Kimmeria* ("K.M.R.I.A.").

Contemporary pressures on the structure of the family may reflect the fact that most learning now goes on in the publicity of one's own living room. There parent and child are equally instructed. There three-year olds become aware of other family patterns long before they are conscious of their own.

The classroom preserves, in fossilized form, the large, tribal family; as had the family business. Neither of them are a match for the sheltered environment of the large corporation. A man's company is his castle.

Student to teacher: "Up against the wall, father figger."

## IV: Content as Containing Action: Curricula and Obsolescence

### CURRICULA AND OBSOLESCENCE

During the student revolution, the campus replaced the park as a locus for public assembly and protest. Speeches in the city commons had indicated anxiety at the enclosure of common resources by 19th century industry (the railways enclosed urban neighbourhoods, much as expressways wall in the country). Perhaps protest on the campus is symptomatic of the disappearance of another public resource, as the media move in on education.

Media content is perhaps the surest indication of what social forms have been obsolesced by new technology: national politics, for example, and domestic life. When the home becomes a public entertainment centre, families flee to the wilderness of the drive-in, the camp ground and the motel. The desert fathers have been replaced by a new ascetic, the deserted mother. The hair-shirt has been replaced by the pound of flesh.

With television and the disappearance of living-room conversation, came the TV talk-show with its "host" and "guest". The television-viewer is reduced to the status of uninvited guest in his own living-room. Similarly, the advent of educational and "Canadian" content on TV heralds the end of such things as institutional realities.

After the print revolution, when the State established its own bureaucracy to replace the clerical establishment, in those countries where the Church had lost the ear of the king, it gained the ear of penitents.

Such transformations of institutional function are not unheard of. Among the earliest consequences of the printed book was the speedy abolition of the teacher as "authority" (which reappeared as "author", of books), while national education and the woman in the classroom embodied a new ideal of the educator — moralist and disciplinarian, a secular transition perhaps adverted to the Methodist custom of calling the congregation a "class".

If the publication of books abolished a large portion of the traditional function of the teacher, the new media are abolishing the role of the student as learner and initiate (now become the nostalgic content of *The Waltons*). The "relevant" curriculum is merely a conscious celebration of what the media have already taught; and in raising such lessons to another level of awareness, such a curriculum is basically ritual confirmation of what is already known and believed.

The development of new curricula can make sense to the extent that we utilize the relative sanctuary of the classroom to study the educational impact which the media have upon people. Such study and research can provide a new function for obsolesced student and teacher alike. The absence of such media study in the school will almost guarantee the swallowing up of the educational establishment by the new media, initially under the guise of "educational TV."

Perhaps it will be the fate of schools to become community study centres for parent and child alike. Some of kind of institutional continuity is required, for those who do not preserve the past are condemned to replay it. And in this fiercely playful century, successor to the grimly earnest one before it, all must submit to the educational process, which is lifelong and depersonalized. We may not all die, but we can all be changed.





From a silkscreen by Barbara Haller, West Vancouver.

## Vancouver — Land of the Turquoise Sun

Picasso from the time he was a child, stared at the sun — if you do this to a winter sun in Vancouver it turns turquoise.

Vancouver: city with

- forests that have traffic jams
- Indian reservations within city limits
- America 30 minutes away
- Pacific Pastel sunsets
- Turboprop Seaplanes
- Giant Coastal Rockies
- where anything grows and does: roses and Brussel sprouts in December
- trees grow on trees
- city of official geese crossings when the flow of traffic on a causeway stops while a bus driver
- city of — shoos waddling birds across the road
- ships, boats, foghorns, mountains of suburban night lights, driftwood, huge stray logs, tides, beaches, sunlight, monochromatic gray scale and rein and rain rain
- city where — seeming Wilderness homes 20 minutes from downtown Vancouver
- city of — Stanley Park, Lighthouse Park
- 35 cent, complex, inefficient transit
- \$1.00 drop in cabs
- city where Reel Hippies still walk the streets
- city of 30 over-proof (74%) Demerare rum
- city where a park of Virgin Timber, an unlogged tract of land larger than Stanley Park, exists within a municipality
- many cars
- city where children make money crabbing instead of selling newspapers
- city one hour's journey by public conveyance from Molly's Reach

## CUP 39

Vancouver was the site of the 39th Annual Canadian University Press Conference from Dec. 26 to Jan. 2. A long conference you say? Apparently not long enough. There will be a 39th and 1/2 conference some time in the spring to clear up the unfinished expansionist dreams of this overly growth-conscious organization. From a unique, sometimes efficient news co-op with a modest budget of 49,000 dollars 2 years ago, CUP is now asking to be fed 178,000 dollars for increased bureaucracy under the guise of "better service". CUP, like all bureaucracies today, has the inflation syndrome. Living inside the first axiom of the crowd, CUP has a fear of growing smaller. Regional bureaux, telex, "Bureau Chiefs", office rentals, and job printing are being held out like juicy junk food for member papers to snap up to propagate this rapid growth. Better news writing and investigative reporting is hardly cared about.

CUP is now a normal, neurophobic, administrative bureaucracy (Ottawa-based — where else?), but it began as a unique idea and organization. Still, there is nothing like it anywhere in the world — that

is: a news service only operating for student newspapers. It is also the oldest student organization in Canada. CUP was founded in 1938 and remained a student newspaper exchange with an annual budget of \$2,000 until 1959, when fees were suddenly matched to enrolment figures in schools of member newspapers.

Flying full in the face of Parkinson's Law that says the rate of accumulation of office staff per annum will be between 5.17 per cent and 6.56 per cent, in 1960 fees were again increased to provide for a vice-president in the CUP office. The growth has continued until today. CUP is now pricing itself out of existence. The ever-blooming bureaucracy that CUP has become is something newspapers have traditionally campaigned against. With its malignant budget and bureaucratic desires, CUP is destroying itself in order to hide from the reality that is has become, like all bureaucracies, a hoarder of information rather than a dispenser. Not to discount the ad revenue CUP provides but because of its size, now way beyond the necessary scale compared to its audience of student

newspaper offices, it is typically using only homogeneous, middle-of-the-road rewriting and decision-making when choosing copy for its newsletters. With CUP, like Kellogg's, every bite is the same. Student newspaper offices really can know the CUP by the information it does not dispense. The newspaper exchange, thank goodness, still exists. Apart from the usual, run-of-the-mill work, there is a good deal of excellent writing in member papers.

The 39th conference at the Sheraton 500 in Vancouver organized many information workshops: layout, editorial writing, investigative reporting, review writing, films (L.F. Stone's Weekly), plus speakers (working reporters, etc.). There were discussions concerning how political CUP should be and Sexism! My God! the energy released was indescribable, often misdirected and from whence it came was never discovered and never discussed. That much energy could not have come from the mild examples of Sexism (whatever the true definition is) to be found in student newspapers. It seems that the anti-Sexism energy is generated from that neither-neither

world called reality and from what part or parts is not yet known. (The article in this issue about Bryan Key might shed some light on the question of the origins of this energy.) How political should CUP be? Well, not political enough, it seems, to elect the people most qualified for the posts open to election but that's politics, isn't it? And what's the point in complaining? But I think I'll complain.

Eric McMillan of the Varsity, Larry Hannat and Neil Docherty of the chevron were so well qualified and over-qualified for the offices they were running for, it was not disappointing they lost, just embarrassing. So goes the quality of the news service organization CUP.

The Innis Herald, so far a non-member of CUP and unofficial snake-in-the-grass, distributed a position paper at CUP 39 on the Role of Student Newspaper — more to the point, on what newspaper media is in 1977. The paper requested by the Ontario Regional CUP members is re-printed PAGE 26

## THE NEWSPAPER AS ART FORM

Poetry is news that stays news —

— Art form means merging with the audience

Since the advent of electronic technology the workhorse function of newspapers, being the major public informer has been absorbed by Radio and T.V. This has pushed the newspaper up into art form. The definition of a media that becomes 'obsolete' and therefore an art form is that it at once merges with its audience. It is no longer able to remain aloof or separate from its audience. Newspapers have become part of the ground, part of the situation in which events take place, part of the audience itself, e.g. The Washington Post and Watergate. The Post Offices are as much a part of the Watergate story as the Watergate complex itself. Closer to home — the chevron dispute. Newspapers themselves are now "in the news".

Waterloo and Watergate curiously enough involve Governments with attitudes and infra-structures quite separate from their ground or audience, and newspapers are now a part of that ground. The Post and chevron cannot help but resonate with their audience because as art form they are part of it.

Newspapers have merged with their audience. Recently the *Toike* — the engineer's paper here at U. of T., through parody with another Toronto newspaper, *The Toronto Sun*, became *The Trawna Moon* for a day. This was a merging of Toike and audience with Sun and audience that had the powerful effect of media upon media, audience upon audience. A double take. A double Toike. Newspaper as art form.

— The audience is the content of any media.

— The programme of a media is always another media. e.g. the programme of a newspaper is print, photo, graphics, comics, etc.

— New journalism merges with the audience by . . .

### 1. THE INTERVIEW:

Speaking with anyone of interest to your audience and transcribing verbatim — the actual voice of the ground (the audience itself) not just quotes here and there, is a merging with the ground. The interview is a "getting right into" the situation in which the events take place — the audience.

### 2. THE REVIEW:

The good reviews are now done like advertising market surveys. Who is going to see this film or that play? Exactly who is reading that particular book? Who is going to that concert? How do they dress? What do they do? How did they get there? Instead of a parallel synopsis of the book, film or whatever, merging with the audience is to tell about the situation in which the event takes place. I admit that it's difficult to write that way; for example, is Margaret Atwood's audience a lady, a sort of dusty blonde living in Rosedale, divorced, taking her dog for a walk twice a day and going to group therapy for her problems on Thursday mornings? Or is she an elderly factory worker in the east end? Pick one, both or none of the above or find out for yourself in today's newspaper.

### 3. NOT MATCHING THE FACTS DIRECTLY TO THE EVENT — TO CREATE PERCEPTION:

This is a tricky one to explain but it comes down to an injection of different and possibly obscure facts to juxtapose "the usual facts" and using this 'symbolism' to generate perception instead of opinion.

The facts matched to 'the event' is a concept, not a percept. See! I told you it was difficult to explain. O.K. . . . it's an outrageous example but try this, taken from Raymond Mungo:

"Let's suppose, for want of better employment, we are watching Walter Cronkite on T.V. Uncle Walter, who is cute and lovable and whom we all love, calmly asserts that the Allied Command (!) reports 112 American soldiers were killed in the past week in Vietnam, 236 South Vietnamese died in the same period, and enemy (not Vietnamese?) deaths were "put at" 3,463. Now, I doubt the accuracy of that report, but I know it doesn't even come close to the truth; in fact it is an obscene, inexcusable Lie. Now let's pick up a 1967 copy of Boston *Avatar* and under the headline "Report from Vietnam, by Alexander Sorensen" read a painfully graphic account of Sorensen's encounter with medieval torture in a Vietnamese village. Later, because we know Brian Keating, who wrote the piece, we discover that Alexander Sorensen doesn't exist and the incident described in *Avatar*, which moved thousands, never in fact happened. But because it has happened in man's history, and because the story is unvarnished and plain and human, we know it is true, truer than any facts you may have picked up in the *New Republic*. And the same kind of examples could be given for many stories unrelated to the war in Vietnam, all the way down to the dog-bites-man clippings at the bottom of page 38 in today's *Newark News*. I'm not saying it would be ethical

to broadcast a false rumour that all bridges and tunnels leading out of Manhattan are indefinitely closed (though that might be interesting), but I'm saying that the distinctly Western insistence on facts (and passive faith in science and technology) betrays our tragically, perhaps fatally, limited consciousness of life. The facts, even if he can get them, will never help a man realize who and what he is or aspire to fulfill his natural role in the universe. Ain't it the truth? All we say: tell the truth, brothers, and let the facts fall where they may." (*Famous Long Ago, My Life and Hard Times with Liberation News Service*, Beacon Press.)

### 4. HUMOUR

The base of all humour is grievance so if you have a grievance why use a cannon when a pie in the face will do? Humour is always merging with the audience and its mythology; e.g. *Lampoon* and *Saturday Nite Live*.

### 5. STEADY DEPENDABLE PATTERN:

Newspapers have long used this idea with certain columns and reports that appear every issue to relate to the audience's traditions, icons.

### 6. RELATING ARTICLES

Part of an editor's job in the past was to be sure articles did not relate to one another, but the audience is doing just that. Juxtaposing stories and articles for more meaning and "pattern recognition." Editors take into account this pattern recognition on the part of their audience in lay-out, articles, stories and ads. etc.

### 7. NEWSPAPER MEDIA NO LONGER SEES PEOPLE AS OBJECTS TO BE MOTIVATED BY OPINION OR INTO OPINION:

Newspapers now provide a means to perception through complex symbolism. The old Hearst papers did create "public opinion . . ." and as Harold Innis said, ". . . they later influenced." Because of T.V. there is no public anymore. There is no place to 'stand' and take a 'point of view' because everyone is everywhere and involved in everyone else all at once, electronically. Perception is not point of view or opinion.

### 8. TEACHING

It is only coincidental that the audience for student newspapers is students. Today all newspapers are informing an audience that is learning a living. No longer effective preachers, newspapers can now get on with the more useful task of teaching. Because of their size, flexibility and a number of other reasons, student newspapers are fifty years ahead of the commercial press in being more deeply tuned in to their audience. This will lead to some conflict with the commercial press as it has with student governments. Most student governments especially on large campus are 'out of touch' with their audience because they are a system.

— Governments are a system.

— The audience is not a system.

— Newspapers are part of the audience as art form.

— Newspapers are not a system.

Governments still think of newspapers in the old terms as makers of public opinion — newspapers cannot do that anymore. Governments and all 'systems' like our modern day generals are always prepared to fight the last war — they think with rear-view mirrors — that is, that always have yesterday's answers for today's problems right at their fingertips. No student newspaper is entirely free from the threat of attack from a 'system' — student government, administration, commercial and even other system controlled media (e.g. Bullseye — ).

Newspapers are not part of a 'system' — they have merged with their audience as art form.

CARL SCHARFE

Carl Scharfe — Editor

Bill Drury

Bill Drury — Associate Editor

BILL BOLTON

Bill Bolton — Associate Editor



## Question Period?

Getting together with the student newspaper representatives from across the country one discovers living proof as opposed to newspaper or news service proof that a pattern is surfacing from B.C. to P.E.I.

A determined attack has been launched against the student body of Canadian Universities. The opening bars of this mid 70's overture are tuition increases, cutbacks, and literacy tests.

Of this triple phalanx many questions must be asked. If you have the answers to any of the following, or questions to add, please write to the editors c/o this paper.

- Who will benefit from tuition increases?
- Who will benefit from cutbacks?
- Who will benefit from literacy tests?

Politicians? Profs? Administration? Taxpayers?

— Why is this attack being launched now after the open arms and overbuilding policies of the 60's?

— do we now have a glut of grads that American branch plants can't gobble?

— Is that any reason to make an education more difficult to get?

— Does the government think that education is one big "Let's Make A Deal" — you get an education — we'll get ya a prize: "a job". Have the prizes run out Bill?

— Is it not a good thing in itself for a community to have a large number of educated people?

— Education for education's sake? Who ever heard of such a thing?

— Will literacy tests skim off the "top" students because they might be easier and cheaper to "educate"?

— Because of inflation is there less American investment and therefore is Ontario having difficulty repaying American loans and asking students to help?

— Are literacy tests really psychological testing?

— Are literacy tests cultural screening?

— How literate are the tests themselves?

— Does anyone have a copy we can have?

— Should literacy tests be monitored by students or done away with altogether?

— Will students of certain social strata benefit from this attack more than others?

— Are people being categorized, pigeonholed, categorized, pigeonholed, cate . . . ?

— Is there an attack on a specific group? Arts? Sciences?

— Is this part of a P.R. program to force people into community colleges?

— What public relations agencies have been hired by the government to mount this campaign, and what are their strategies?

## Hilton Wasteland

### ANOTHER MEDIA MERANGUE AND . . .



another "Festive Season". Midnight Communion, Mass, whatever. Then a week for recovery. Another midnight. Maybe you don't remember this one. Auld Lang Syne etc. . . . Smoke in the curtains, smoke in the leftovers, smoke in the cat, dog, budgie, monkey. Some jerk embraced your "tree" and broke the top off it. There it is, in the middle of the floor. No one had the decency to re-attach it. They can do that these days. They're doing it in a hospital in Munich, says Channel 9. Fingers, toes, hands etc. whatever. You go over and look at your tree top, pick it up, screw it back on. No needles on the shag, no water dish to screw the yule thing into. No living matter standing in a corner like a Karen Anne Quinlan of your very own. No zombies here. Just a petroleum by-product. Complete with fold-out branches, two-piece trunk, four-piece tripod and nothing to add but love. It's mined. It's refined. But the babbles; some of the are older than you are. Heirlooms. A couple got crushed. We're all mortal etc. Your bare foot grinds the pieces into the carpet.

You took Christmas down from

the top shelf in your cupboard, you took Christmas downstairs, you followed the directions. And some drunk broke it, embraced it last night because it looked good enough to whatever etc. This place is a mess. Someone brought some French cheese. Brie. Don't look at it. Don't think of it. Squishy stuff. Blah. Don't. Think. Turn on the television for fast fast relief.

Focus your eyes. Now it's dots on dots. It's a parade. The Mexican float has run away, knocked a golden palamino on its ass and . . . there's football on in ten minutes! The Sugar Bowl, The Cotton Bowl, The Rose Bowl, The Orange Bowl, The Sun Bowl, The All-American Bowl, Senior Bowl, Cereal Bowl, Toilet Bowl etc. You get a beer. Sit down. Light a cigarette. Mesh your flesh with the checkerfield and do not move. The only moving parts are your hand on the beer, your mouth, your throat and bowels, er . . . bowels.

Tomorrow you will take Christmas in hand, take it apart, stuff it back in the box, carry it upstairs, toss it into the top shelf of your cupboard and that will be that. Happy New Year.

## Re: ONTARIO'S ECONOMIC STRATEGY FOR 1976-78

Although both opposition parties raked McKeough's mini budget which decreed a mini increase of 9.6 per cent for 77-78, it was, nevertheless, approved on December 16th.

Stephen Lewis, NDP leader, particularly denounced the extension of a temporary 7 per cent sales tax exemption on manufacturing and mining equipment first lifted in 1975. He demanded to know "Why is the government proceeding with this shameful \$160 million gift to the corporations in the manufacturing sector without any evidence or documentation, when in fact, according to Statistics Canada, capital expenditures on machinery and equipment for Ontario declined from 23.9 per cent to 10.5 per cent in 1975 over 1974 and when jobs in the manufacturing sector declined by 6.5 per cent in 1975 compared to 2.7 per cent in all sectors?"

According to McKeough, these incentives have proven to be powerful stimulants and in particular the increasing amount of new investment by the private sector directly reflects the government's restraint program and its tax policies. Further, investment in new machinery and equipment must be encouraged if the province hopes to maintain and expand its manufacturing base and the high-paying jobs that it generates. There must be a re-orientation of thinking and a recognition that our plants must be of world scale, he said. McKeough is also considering extending the fast

write-off for capital expenditures in manufacturing and processing.

David Peterson, a Liberal member, had attacked McKeough's statements. "You say you have produced 100,000 jobs since mid-1975 which, of course, was the low point in the business cycle. How many jobs have been created in 1976?" McKeough confessed that no jobs were created in 1976. As a matter of reference, McKeough confirmed that 1,000 civil service jobs were eliminated last year.

McKeough continues to be optimistic about Ontario's economic performance. Pre-tax profits in Canada rose 22.1 per cent per year from 1972 to 1974, increased 8.1 per cent in 1975 and are estimated to have risen 10 per cent in 1976. However, after-tax profits of Ontario's largest corporations fell by 27 per cent, he said. All of these companies, excepting three, earned more than \$5-million after-tax profits for the first nine months of 1976, according to statistics included in McKeough's Economic Strategy. Bell Canada ranked first with \$218 million, Imperial Oil second with \$192 million, while Inco, Canadian Pacific, the Royal Bank, Gulf Oil, Ford and the Bank of Commerce all earned after-tax profits exceeding \$100 million during this period.

The legislature will reconvene the end of February. The public gallery is spacious and free. Question periods are from 2-3 p.m., Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays.

by J. Neilson

## I COVER THE CAMPUS

Unfortunately, this time I could not cover the campus, the campus proper, that is. It was, alas, closed for Xmas, in the social sense. Needless to say, I was crushed. Imagine, if you can, no mingling, mixing and fussing! Well, I sulked about like Eeyore, after loss of tail for a time, and ate worms (albeit at Quo Vadis, etc.) Then sudden redemption in the form of invitations came flooding in. Well, this demanded definite discrimination (I mean, I don't go to just any party!)

I decided to accept a few of the invites if only to dispell the popular notion that all of the "best" people winter in sunny climes. In fact, over the holidays, I attended some rather charming little gatherings, where I became acquainted with some rather charming little people.

The French department hosted a très chic affair. When I arrived I found myself on a "vous et vous" basis with all, but in no time had progressed to a "TV et TV" understanding. By the end of the evening there existed no *printable* pronoun for the manner in which I was being "addressed". Let me merely say that all they say about French Men is true! The fare consisted of paté and truffles and believe me I was patted while I trifled with the truffle. The evening was a definite success, but then the French do know how to do these things.

The Politics party was rather disappointing, as political parties often tend to be. People were sporting party colours, but the overall effect was somewhat drab. (Perhaps I'm being unfair . . . after all, not everyone can host an exciting gala affair as did the Democrats in '68.) People were playing diplomacy to the left, right and center of the room and soap boxes were being handed out as door prizes.

Talk was mostly of isms and wasms. As I didn't feel like launching into Kissinger tactics to

negotiate a drink, I left early.

Luckily, December is usually Toronto's most social month, and 1976 was no exception. There were many more soirées to look forward to, and most promising of all seemed to be the festivities of the philosophy bunch. They are, of course, renowned for their "deep" parties.

That evening there were two separate philosophy "Open houses" (give by two separate "open minds") which was exceedingly lucky, for

any refined individual knows one shouldn't mix one's philosophical bents any more than one should mix one's drinks — in either case *Nausea* is likely to ensue. At the first event I didn't get past the door. I simply enquired as to where to hang my coat and, before you could say Kant, I found myself engaged in an argument with some foolish pedant vis à vis the reality of the coat in question. That is, he refused to ride with the common assumption of its existence before he had confirmed his own personal perception of its reality. Before we came to blows (I find violence tedious) I exited stage left to the party next door.

The guests there seemed divided into two distinct philosophical camps. There were those who adopted the Aristotelean notion of taking the phenomenal world as reality. Thus they were behaving themselves, and consequently having a rather dull time of it all. On the other hand there were those of us who knew full well that our little celebration was a mere copy, an imperfect version, of another *ideal* affair. That we had a perfectly riotous time, goes without saying.

The English Department hosted a gathering that was basically a tribute to the great dramatist Ionesco. The guests included only chairs, and useless confetti and it was a perfect success.

I declined an invitation to the German Department's event (I'm a

nervous creature and would surely behave like Maggie, in "Cat On A Hot Tin Bunker").

Received an interesting writ from The Faculty of Law, but unfortunately never made it to the scene of the crime . . . I had the Mens Rea but lacked the Actus Reus. I shed no tears, when I heard it was a dull and contemptible affair, full of horrid people, perjuring and slandering one another.

Found myself in the common room at St. Basil's, made all the more common by the company present. Medical students were co-hosting a party with theologians, novices mingled with nurses, and the clergy with cryogeneticists. Although the wafers were delicious, I questioned the vintage and authenticity of the wine!

Well, although it was a giggle, I'm glad to back into a more secure social rhythm. It's truly lovely to be back on the campus social scene 'cause:

The U.C. boys are hip  
I really dig those  
styles they wear  
And the New C. girls with  
the way they talk  
They knock me out  
When I'm down there  
The Vic tor is daughters  
Really make me feel so fine  
And the Innis chicks  
With the way they kiss,  
They keep their lovers  
warm at night . . .

JBA JBA



# Subliminal Seduction:

by Jim Lawson from The Daily Aztec

At first glance, the advertisement appears innocent enough: a picture of a stack of ice cubes in a glass ready to be filled with Johnnie Walker Black Label Scotch.

But a closer examination of the ice cubes reveals the shapes of screaming faces, monsters, a man with a cobra, a man's feet and legs hanging in midair, and a bird with a skull and castrated penis under its beak.

The ad is utilizing a method of selling and influence called subliminal seduction, and was only one of many examples of this technique given by Wilson Bryan Key, president of Mediaprobe, Inc. and author of "Media Sex exploitation" and "Subliminal Seduction," at Aztec Center, Montezuma Hall last Wednesday night.

"This ad is a remarkable and expensive piece of art," said Dr. Key. "I have yet to find an advertising man who will explain one of these ads to me. These shapes are certainly curious things to put in an ad for scotch; the people who designed the ad seem to know more about why you drink than you do."

A Howard Johnson's menu which urges customers to "Dig Into Our Clam Plate," also bears close examination, said Dr. Key.

"Thousands of copies of this menu have been printed, containing a full color picture of the clam plate with french fries and cole slaw," he said. "But a close look at the picture shows that the clams are actually an elaborate sex orgy with dozens of bodies entangled, and even a donkey."

"Then there is a Miss Clairol ad which ran in Reader's Digest, using the phrase 'Does she or doesn't she?'. It shows a woman and a 9- or 10-year-old

girl, presumably mother and daughter, both with obvious looks of enjoyment on their faces. The mother is holding up the front of the girl's skirt with her right hand, but her left hand is not in the picture. What is the mother doing with her left hand?

"Again the question: does she or doesn't she? Apparently, as the ad says, she still does."

Most people don't look at advertisements for more than two or three seconds, so the ad must be able to affect people during that length of time, said Dr. Key. In order for the ad to be effective, the person viewing the ad must make the assumption that it won't affect him, and the high credibility of the source is what makes this work, he said.

"The taboos of our society focus on two areas, the origin of life (love or sex) and the end of life (death)," said Dr. Key. "The more taboo the area, the better subliminal seduction works in embedding images into the subconscious mind."

"In my six years of collecting examples, I have found two major preoccupations at the subliminal level. One is the incest fear, which manifests itself as a paranoid fear of sexualizing children. The other is the homosexual fear. Both of these are present throughout subliminal advertising."

As examples of the first fear, Dr. Key cited a Crest toothpaste ad with the word "sex" embedded in the arm of an infant, and a Bell Telephone ad showing a girl in stocking feet standing on a phone book with the word "luck" subliminally written in one of her stockings.

"An example of a homosexual appeal is an ad for Kanon Men's Cologne which has run in Playboy and Penthouse," said Dr. Key. "Most men will see the ad as simply a man holding a bottle of cologne. Women, however, usually recognize that the hand holding the cologne, when turned sideways, resembles an

erect penis and testicles.

"The ad also contains a subliminal appeal to the fear of castration; the knife above the penis appears ready to slip out of the man's grasp. Additionally, in the bottom right of the ad is a dog's head which has been severed with a knife."

An ad for Jantzen swimsuits which shows a man and a woman, from upper torso to upper leg, standing in the water, reportedly sold large numbers of swimsuits in Canada, said Dr. Key.

"Upon close examination, you may begin to notice that the bottom of the girl's bikini doesn't quite fit her," he said. "Furthermore, hers has a fly, while his doesn't. Now this is strange, almost weird. Then you notice that the pattern on the man's swimsuit matches the pattern on the girl's bra. He is actually wearing her swimsuit, and she is wearing his. This idea of a sexual role change, despite what you might read, is highly taboo in our society."

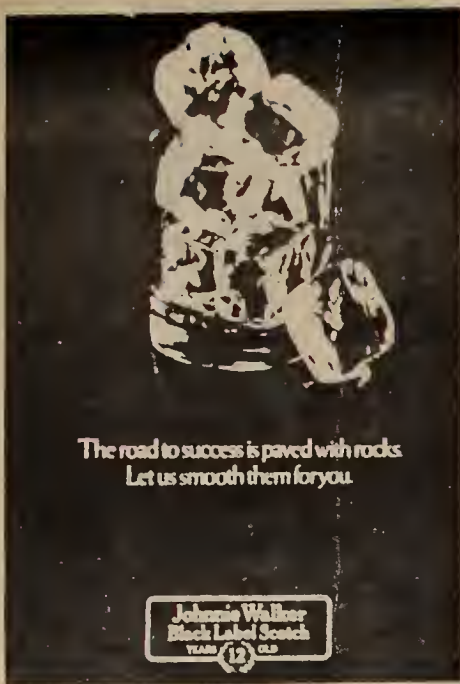
"There is also a hand on the woman's right leg. Because of the angle, it couldn't possibly belong to either the girl or the guy in the picture; the only explanation is that it belongs to a third person, implying a threesome."

"Finally, there is water swirling around the legs and genital areas of the two. When you turn the picture upside down, you can see a face in the water, positioned so that it is blowing up between the woman's legs."

A drawing of a red-haired girl standing in a pool is the subject of an ad for Clairol Herbal Essence Shampoo, which promises "the most beautiful experience on earth."

"The girl is shown reaching out to grab two flowers growing on either side of the pool," said Dr. Key. "Both are shaped like penises."

Another example given by Dr. Key was a Benson & Hedges cigarette ad showing



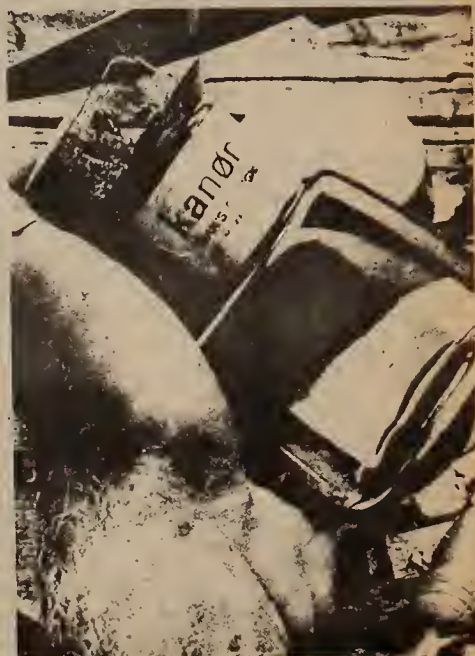
The road to success is paved with rocks  
Let us smooth them for you.

Johnnie Walker  
Black Label Scotch  
V.M.B. (12) OLD



(Left) A blow-up of the ice cube at center left of the glass reveals the shapes of a screaming face, a bird's head and beak, a skull, and a castrated penis.

(Bottom) The ice cube inside the glass at bottom center, under close examination, yields the face of a monster.



A homosexual appeal and a subliminal appeal to the fear of castration are contained in an ad for Kanon Men's Cologne, said Dr. Key. A severed dog's head is also present at lower right, he said.



# you don't see it, but it's there



Wilson Bryan Key

spectators watching a fight at a hockey game.

"There is a hand at the bottom of the picture, below the fighting players, that doesn't belong to any of the bodies," he said. "The hand has been pasted on to draw the unconscious perception to a glove thrown down on the ice, which represents a challenge. On the back of the glove, printed sideways, is the word 'cancer,' a symbol of death in our culture."

"We will probably never know for sure why it is there, but it appears to be an attempt to take advantage of the surgeon general's warning that cigarette smoking is dangerous to your health by subliminally educating people in the 'challenge' of smoking."

Many ads also contain archetypal symbols, which were first recorded by St. Augustine in the 5th century, said Dr. Key.

"We don't know exactly what makes them work, but they do seem to have unconscious meanings in any culture," he said. "For example, in a Calvert Blended Whiskey ad, the bottom of the glass is a volcano, which is a symbol of fertile soil, and in many religions, the origin of life. Above the volcano (on the left) there is a fish swimming in the whiskey, and a mouse is riding backwards on top of the fish. The fish symbolizes the diety in many religions, and a mouse is a manifestation of the devil."

"Above the water line are a skull and two scorpions, and a lizard, which symbolizes evil, is on the rim of the glass (at right center). In the ice cubes are a white mask, a shark, and a white bird in flight, symbolic of the carrying of the damned into the afterworld."

"This ad is a Pandora's Box

of subliminal seduction, and I have no doubt that it worked very well. In another time, this ad might have ended up in a museum."

Subliminal seduction is not limited to magazine advertising, said Dr. Key.

"These techniques have been used in politics for 40 years," he said. "One political poster I examined had the word 'sex' written about 20 times on the candidate's face."

Subliminal techniques have also been found in television commercials, said Dr. Key, including one for Liquid Plumber.

"The commercial opens on a clogged-up sink," he said.

"The housewife squirts the stuff into the sink, and the junk swirls and disappears. As this is happening, the letters s-e-x appear one by one in the bottom of the sink. Above the 'x' is a skull in a bubble, providing both sex and death in the same ad. All this happens in a total of only four seconds."

A mistake in the engraving process resulted in the discovery of the word "sex" on a 50 rupee note in the Seychelles Islands, a former British colony in the Indian Ocean, said Dr. Key.

"The word is in the palm trees to the right of Queen Elizabeth's head," he said. "Something apparently went wrong, and instead of the letters being hidden subliminally, they came out loud and clear."

"There is also 'sex' on United States currency. If you look at the picture of Abraham Lincoln on a crisp, new \$5 bill, you will see some irregular white lines just below the top line of his beard on the left side. These lines spell out the word 'sex.' There is another 'sex' on his bow tie, and about five hidden on his face."

"Money is merchandized much like tobacco or alcohol. It has two values: its exchange value, which is inconsequential, and its value as a symbol of nationalism. People are always insulting other nations' money. Money is worth whatever we're willing to concede to it, and having the word 'sex' on money enhances its symbolic value."

Dr. Key said that 'sex' has also been found in a Rembrandt painting, and on the first cover of the Saturday Evening Post in a painting done by Norman Rockwell.

"The next time you go into the kitchen, take out some Ritz Crackers, put them in a good

light, take a few deep breaths to relax, and let your eyes roam across the surface of the crackers," he said. "The word 'sex' is written 12 times on each side of each cracker. And since the senses of sight and taste are connected, this can even make the crackers taste better."

Dr. Key, who has a background in research and media communication studies, was a professor of sociology at the University of Western Ontario for six years until his departure in July, 1975. He said he was the victim of two years of harassment by the university.

"Courses that I had been teaching were removed secretly from the catalog without my knowledge," he said. "There were seven specific charges I could have used in court had I decided to sue. Instead, I decided to accept an offer of \$64,000 to leave my post, rather than go through what could have been a five-year litigation. I later found out that Seagrams was a major supporter of their business school."

There is no way to legislate against the techniques of subliminal seduction outside of banning advertisements completely, because the laws would be unenforceable, said Dr. Key.

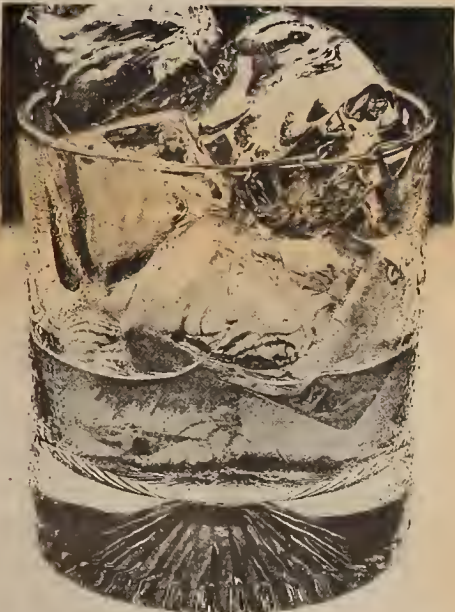
"But you wouldn't want a complete defense, anyway—if you take the subliminal aspects out of Bach and Beethoven, you destroy their music," he said. "These techniques have the potential for good use, too, such as helping people get out of addictive syndromes. I'd like to see the problem dealt with through education, not legislation, except in cases involving drugs, alcohol and tobacco, which should be stopped immediately."

"The moral issues involved here are fascinating. It's not a simple good guy-bad guy subject. To be coned, you first must be convinced that you will benefit. So the consumer is actually a willing part of this system."

"Compared to this stuff, hard core pornography is a health trip. I don't see how you can be hurt by something you can consciously see and evaluate. But this stuff can shoot into your brain without your knowledge, and can stay there a lifetime. The problem must be dealt with. The cat's out of the bag now, and there's no way to put it back."



An examination of this ad for Jantzen swimsuits reveals that the man and woman have exchanged swimsuits, and that a third person is present. Note hand at bottom left, said Dr. Key. The swirling water also forms a face which is blowing up between the woman's legs, he said.



This ad contains a fish, a death's head, a rat, a lizard (on the rim), cat's face, three wolf heads, a shark's head and other death symbols, said Dr. Key.



Due to a mistake in the engraving process, the word "sex" is clearly visible in the palm trees to the right of Queen Elizabeth's head in this 50 rupee note from the Seychelles Islands, said Dr. Key.



The girl in this ad for Clairol Herbal Essence Shampoo is shown reaching out to grab two flowers growing on either side of the pool, both shaped like penises, said Dr. Key.





Sports

# INNISPORTS

Section

## A Five Foot Six Inch View Of The Game

Dawn broke over the battlefield. It had snowed the night before. The snow lay hard on the ground and it seemed to David Cassivitch that he had seen such snow somewhere in the past. It could have been Geneva. It could have been Kilimanjaro. Ohio or the backwoods of Michigan. Or maybe outside the old Toronto Star building in the early twenties. But as the sun beamed upon the snow which lay hard on the ground around the battlefield which had been both snowed upon and had dawn break over it, there was no doubt where he was. Varsity Arena.

The sun was hard in his eyes as he walked. Behind him trudged another warrior, Zero Costello. Costello was struggling with his equipment and slipping on the sheer ice of the parking lot. Cassivitch stopped and turned, peeling an onion in the same motion with his skate.

"You need good shoes," said David Cassivitch.

"Yes, by Jiminy," said Zero Costello.

"You need good shoes like these. Rope-soled. All the Spanish hill people have them," said David Cassivitch.

"This is not Spain," said Zero Costello.

David Cassivitch was deep in hard thought standing on the hard sheer ice of the parking lot. He bit deeply into the onion.

"You are right."

They continued into the hard darkness of the Arena. The others were there. They each had their weapons and were busy taping them and crooning to them and polishing them and sanding them. The battle was near and the battle lay hard on them as did everything else in those days. A veteran approached him.

"You are Cassivitch. You are from Innis, yes," said the veteran.

"Well, I'm sure as hell not from Barcelona," said Cassivitch.

"You look like my cousin. He plays football for the Barrio Chino," said the veteran.

"That is football. This is war," said David Cassivitch.

"You are the Rookie," said the veteran.

"Shucks," said David. He had not recognized the Mad Dog without, his sinister helmet.

They had been together through the early Dentistry Campaigns. The old man had taught and David Cassivitch had learned very quickly. He had once thought of becoming a boxer. The veteran had taught him to use his elbows. "But you must be an aficionado, firstly and foremostly," said the veteran. And David Cassivitch had learned very quickly, firstly and foremostly, to be an aficionado in the early Dentistry Campaigns when things were soft. But now even the air lay hard upon everyone of the men like everything else.

"We must blow them out," said one.

"Out of the arena," said another. "Just like Spain and bridges," said David Cassivitch. He was cryptic and it was fun.

"I must blow my nose," said another.

Out of the hard blackness, into the hard light of the arena and the hard cold ice came the enemy. "Shrub-bies," thought David Cassivitch. He knew he had met their kind in his past. It could have been Geneva or Kilimanjaro. Then he remembered that they had massacred his family. They were cruel, land-scaped his family and they would pay for it in the hard cold light of the arena. He thought of turf spikes, water spigots, drainage and maintenance. He shuddered.

Mad Dog put his mouth guard in his mouth.

"gbutzylmiak," said the old veteran.

And the two forces came together on the cold hard slippery ice of the very cold arena and David Cassivitch peeled another onion and he did it very cleanly and very precisely so that none of the onion shavings fell on the ice for although he wanted the win he would want it in a clean and very precise way with no onion skins involved in any way and he spat on the ice. One of the League of Nations Observers patched up the hole where David Cassivitch had spat and the battle began. In Ernest.

David Cassivitch was in the middle of the battle. He was thinking of Mad Dog's last word to him, he was thinking of topsoil and shrubbery and humus acidity, he was thinking about Idaho. No. Don't think about Idaho. Think about pizza at five in the morning when the room is starting to whirl. Think about anything.

Then he was on the bench and breathing the clean cold air of the Arena and he was adjusting his ankle support and he was beaten and battered but the Shrubbies had been driven back and he was full of the heat of the battle and he threw an onion at a Shrubbie centerman and sat down. He was out of breath.

Crack offensive units began to crumble as the two forces came to grips and the ebbs and tide of the battle played upon David Cassivitch's nerves as he checked and checked and thought of Idaho and pizza and he felt the arena start to move but he knew as it started he must weather cleanly the storm. He heard nothing. It was too quiet. Hot Dog Romano skated past him and he knew he was not deaf as he suspected for he could hear the Hot Dog's knees click with every bend. And David Cassivitch lined up for a face off and one of the old hands greeted him with the word: "Clar-kie" which means in English: King of Middle Ice. And David Cassivitch felt himself grow smaller and

smaller, diminutive in fact, and he felt hair grow on the soles of his feet, and his beard (which he could never grow) sprouted long to his ankles. He did not fear becoming the Tolkien short person on his side for there were many of the small type from all corners of the college, from

all nook and cranny, all who wore the title Innisite with pride. And David Cassivitch stood in Middle Ice. Everything was soft around the edges. This must be Idaho, he thought.

Upon his finger he discovered The Mystic Donut, symbolic of personal thought, righteousness and the shutout of Costello (who had suddenly ensued) and "Clarkie" was banished to Purgatory. While there he was offered a lift to Brampton via Mordor but refused, for his time was drawing nigh when he could once more feel the ——— ice beneath his skates, breathe the ——— air of the arena and forget about mortality for a while.

Mad Dog had been rendered invisible through ways known only to him and tiptoed among his foes, outwitting the dull and leafy minions of Landscape Architecture. And many plays were made and many were foiled in the long minutes to come as "Clarkie" served his own time in Limbo firstly, and foremostly served as comrade's sentence, at which the Shrubbies wailed in awe: "King Rat" which means "Sly One."

There were also involved in the fray such team people as The Wayner, The Bainer, The Hot Dog, The Iota (smallest among dwarves and difficult to find) John of Petrosniak and many others. If one were to happen by that afternoon and happened to glance into the battlefield, one might have believed a hockey game was in process. Certainly one would have no doubts as to the nature of the struggle if one had happened to glance into the dressing rooms. Celebration, jubilation, merriment in one. Even the old veteran, Mad Dog, managed to smile after taking out his mouthpiece and say: "gbutzylmiak," which means in Old Liskeard: "I wish I could peel onions like David Cassivitch."

## Hilton Wasteland



## ARRRIGHT!

The lay-off is over. Pins fanatics frantically flew back to the machines in the second week of Jan. and almost destroyed their beloved machines in a frenzy of playing. Big Indian was afflicted by a minor tombstone disease known as "Irving's Blight" and was further hampered by a reluctant tendency to count itself to 15 free games and refuse to play. Scientists are still investigating in conjunction with the Clark Institute and psychoanalyst Dr. Desmond who believes the machine's malfunction is the product of a latent stress factor brought about by overuse and something he calls "The Capone Factor". Flip A Card developed bent legs and, upon further examination, was discovered to have a battered coin box. Steel plates have been installed beneath the machines so a kick in the coin box will yield only broken toes, folks.



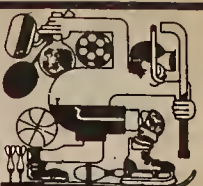
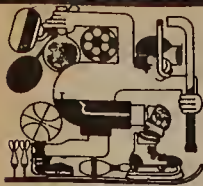
What is precisely the situation with the Tournament, that highly touted event last mentioned in November? It has been played, but not to the end. All records have perished. Authorities puzzled. Sabotage? Falsification? Stay tuned for in-depth investigation . . .



Machine of the month is "Big Indian" which has been worked over and mauled and deserves to be a Blue Cross subscriber. C'mon pins fanatics. Give so more may play. Help stamp out Irving's Blight.







## FROM FEAR AND MICE

About fifteen years ago, in the northern wilds of New Liskeard, two little boys named Brian and Rory were learning how to skate. They were both in a figure skating class that was about to participate in a Christmas carnival. The pageant was Cinderella and they were mice. For long nights their mothers worked on their costumes; brown, with big round fuzzy ears and tails made of wire that curled and stuck out behind them. They practiced every day and as the big event got nearer and nearer, Rory was getting very nervous. He didn't think that he could do it and was worried that everyone would laugh if he came out and fell down. But he had a plan.

On the night of the carnival, Cinderella's coach made its entrance, followed by lines of little mice. At the back line, instead of two mice side by side, in skated Brian desperately trying to break the hold of the other little mouse, who was gliding in behind him, clutching ever frantically to his tail. And this is how other team's inability to show up,

made his first public appearance in an ice rink.

This is a testimonial to that man. He has come a long way from the days of tail holding and in doing so has changed the face of men's hockey. No. 5 retires this year from the halls of Innis College and leaves behind him the regrets of his team mates and the thank god's of those who have ever played against him. Rory's style of playing and coaching has been quoted as being "unique, brave, brilliant and more than anything else, downright dangerous." There can be no doubt that he will be missed.

The beginning of this year's sports season found Rory up coaching on the football field. Every Friday at 8 a.m., a time that often found him just going to bed, he was struggling to coach the largest group of inepts ever found on a football field. In his valiant attempts to lead them away from certain defeat, he managed to pull off one win. How, frantically to his tail. And this is how other team's inability to show up,

than his ability as head coach. His unbelievably bad record never slowed down his team's respect for both him and his coaching. The quarterback of the team when asked had this to say: "Rory, the best, I always knew when he was signaling for me to go for it, he used the hand that wasn't holding the joint." From there he went on to coach the women's hockey team. A courageous team containing Karen (Bad Back) Booth and Patsy (Fall on it) Morgan had nothing but praise for the man that helped them to strap on their pads. Unfortunately most of the comments are too obscene to print here, but Tickey sums it up for both teams when he says about Rory: "A great coach, he knew the difference between a puck and a ball." Then he returned to his home, the hockey arena. For three years he had been the star of the third line and now blossomed forth as player coach. At this writing he had led his team to a four win and two loss season and has placed them firmly into the finals. As a player he has a style

as unique as any that could be found. He has so influenced his team with his style of play that in the last game two players were thrown out on game misconducts. This tribute to both his style and his influence has not gone unnoticed. Rory has often been accused of being a "rough or dirty" player. The falsity of this accusation can be seen in the Rookie's comment of Rory's playing: "When you give the puck to Dorny it's just a matter of pulling the trigger." The Rookie, Dave (Clarke) Cass, a player scouted by Rory from the now legendary Nummies game of 76 has this to say about Rory's abilities as a coach: "He showed me how to give my all and that's a 110%." Kirk (Kenny) Costello, the imported Vancouver goalie informed us that playing with and under Rory was a very confusing experience. "What can you say or do about a coach whose pre-game preparation is exactly the same as his post-game celebration."

Wayner, the Ringer, who is brought in for psychological effect, composed a long poem that painted

Rory in exactly the light many of us have always seen him; a complete weirdo. All three of the fans are anonymous in their praise for Rory, preferring to stay out of the whole thing. But it has been noted by this reporter that when Rory skates onto the ice panic immediately sets in. Not an unusual emotion to have for a man that has been called the scourge of hockey.

This year Innis will retire Rory's sweater to the hall of dubious fame, not because it hasn't been washed in four years as most people claim, but because of his magnificent record. Fuzz, another member of that same hall, puts it simply when he says: "He is the only player that ever got more penalties than I did."

The old man of Innis hockey is leaving and the game will never be the same. How far he has come since those days of mice and fear can be seen best in the comment of Vinny, the team owner, who sums it all up: "Yesterday, a discipline problem and today, a star."

— Balso Snell

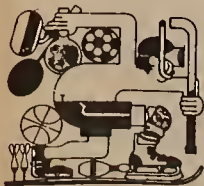
## Co-Ed Bad?

Today was the day, Dec. 1, when the Innis College Co-ed Badminton teams took on the rest of U of T in a titanic struggle for supremacy. Innis had entered three teams: Pim Ram-Colthoff and Suzanne Falkas, Ken Azuma and Diane O'Hara and David Reinboth and Laurie Jones. The talent contained on these teams was incredible but it didn't overshadow the stupendous events yet to come.

The Innis teams executed brilliant shots and showed clever teamwork in their relentless pursuit of victory. In following such a stratagem, it was an inevitable outcome. The Innis teams swept the top three positions. Ken Azuma and Diane O'Hara took first place. Pim Ram-Colthoff and Suzanne Falkas took second and David Reinboth and Laurie Jones captured third.

Innis has clearly established themselves as a badminton power. The sweet young lady who ran the tournament was equally as flabbergasted. This reporter did overhear some mutterings and noticed discontent raised against the Innis contingent. Some illiterate cretin felt that the reason Innis did well was because only four teams were entered in the tournament. With three teams coming from Innis, this gave us quite an advantage. Poppycock!

Your roving reporter,  
Adley Wondersee



Special to the Herald —  
Another CYCLA (Cyclist's Liberation Army) incident occurred today in the heart of Toronto.

It would appear that this angry though organized young group might have something to say to us about their rights as cyclists. They certainly have an unorthodox manner in expressing their feelings.

A careless car that was tailgating knocked down a cyclist in the lunch-hour traffic. Before the car had time enough to pause and think, the cyclist, eyes filled with rage, leapt up on to his feet. He pulled out a pair of glistening, chrome plated, brass knuckles, and proceeded to thrash away and generally manhandle the car. All the while, the cyclist kept crying out: "Cyclists of the world unite!"

The auto was brought to Toronto General Garage & Clinic where it is under intensive care for multiple dents, lacerations, and complications of the transmission.

The car is still listed as being in critical condition and is as yet unavailable for comment.

The cyclist was not seen as he quickly disappeared, and Metro police are quite puzzled by the case and have no leads as yet.

— In another strike connected with the CYCLA organization (Cyclists Liberation Army), another life was lost today, making a total of four this month.

In the heavy morning traffic, about 8:00 a.m., a car just barely missed hitting a bicyclist making his way to school along Avenue Rd. The driver was trying to cut around another car in a hurry.

The angry cyclist pursued the car, and nearing it, drew out a black revolver and shot the car twice in the muffler and once in the tires. The automobile gasped, gugged, and coughed, and was later pronounced dead upon arrival at the Toronto Memorial Junkyard.

The cyclist quickly disappeared, though one eyewitness saw the skull and cross-bones superimposed on a bicycle insignia on the boy's jacket — this is the symbol of CYCLA.

Eli Marcus



## WHO? WHEN? WHERE?



First of all, I must apologize for being an inaccurate and biased turkey. In the last Innispost column I falsely claimed that the Innis men's hockey team had lost its first game against Med 6-0. I should have known better than to presume that such a fantastic team could ever get off to such a bad start. So please forgive me, readers, and especially members of the hockey team. You see, we Innis aren't very good at numbers. We're so used to losing at hockey, that we always expect the worst!

**Men's Basketball:**  
On Monday, January 17th, Innis men played basketball against Forestry's "A" team. The score was 98-93.

**Co-ed Badminton:**  
On December 1st there was a co-ed badminton tournament in the Benson Building. Innis won the top three positions. In other words we beat the hell out of them. More details, see Adley Wondersee's column.

**Co-ed Broomball:**  
This year's first broomball game was on Sunday, January 16th. The game was against Victoria College. The Zoid line was especially productive, and after the score was 6-0 for Innis, they quit counting. What can I say? The next game is on Sunday January 23rd which means you might have missed it. The lucky opponent is (was) Trinity II.

**Women's Basketball:**  
The last women's basketball game was a toughie. Dave and Kirk acted as referees and thus made the whole game possible. Many thanks, boys. The final score was 18-16 for Nursing, which proves the impartiality of the refs. Too bad. It also

broke our clean record. Thanks a lot to Jim Radcliff (owner of the men's hockey team), our excellent coach.

**Women's Innertube Waterpolo:**  
Sitting in a tube and getting dunked doesn't seem to attract the ladies at all. So far we have defaulted every ding-dong time. So how about it, girls? Let's see some of that Innis sports-womanship, and show up for the next and last game in February at the Benson Building Pool. Bring a T-shirt with you to protect your arms from rubbing against the tube. Bathing caps and innertubes are provided.

**Women's Volleyball:**  
Our first Volleyball game was on Tuesday, January 11th. Unfortunately, Law was better organized than we were, and they beat us 2-0 (15-8, 15-1). We are supposed to play against New College, but they defaulted, so we just played for the practice. We're playing Tuesday nights, starting at 7:00 in the Benson Building.

**Women's Hockey:**  
The women's hockey team is doing nearly as well as the men's team is. The first game of '77 was a bit peculiar, though. Victoria College didn't have enough players, so Mary and Lee played on their side. Vic's coach was between the pipes, but he didn't wear skates. Even in his boots, he was able to get a shut-out. Maybe because of his boots? Patsy nearly made it, too. Only during the last 20 seconds did Vic manage to score a goal. But, since Vic had originally defaulted the game, the final score didn't count. It was a good game and the team is still improving. That's all, folks.

TICKY PIIRONEN





## GARY MURPHY MEETS MEL BAY Two

As I promised last time, this month's column will be mostly dedicated to the much awaited Part 2 for intermediate guitarists.

For those of you refugees of last month, however, you have not been entirely forsaken: last month you may have found the chords interesting, but at a loss to use them. Well, fear not, the use is at hand.

Before we run off and hopelessly confuse everyone, here's an instant replay from last month:

Here are some chords to learn and practise. For each set of chords, I'll give you the Key, a major, fifth, and fourth, then for the songs, I'll only mention which class of chord, i.e. maj, V, or IV, to use. This way you can practise each song in every key, using all of the chords.

### SOME LAST MINUTE TIPS:

Keep your fingers arched like a cat's claw so that your thumb is vertical behind the second fret. If only your fingertips touch the fingerboard all of the strings will sound clearly when strummed.

If a string sounds dead you are most likely either not pressing hard enough, or you are touching the string with another finger. If it buzzes, move your finger so that it is slightly closer to the nut than the fret at which you are fingering.

PRACTISE, at least thirty minutes per day, and not necessarily all at once, but by all means practise more if you can. You can't OD. If you can pick up other guitar books, they are almost always of some help.

Practise each chord by itself over and over again until you are either bored and/or just change them randomly from one to another, getting yourself off on the sounds.

Above all, enjoy yourself.

## II. Welcome to the Monkey House

Do you know what really turns them on? Hot licks and bizarre antics can only really do so much, but what really makes them tear at your clothing, wear your T-shirts and go for the Hotel key is that long round and gleaming accessory of yours: your slide.

Slide guitar has style, it has roots, but more over, so few people play the slide well that most people are awed by any slide work, no matter how lousy it may be.

My slide is a store-bought chromed steel tube about three quarters of an inch in diameter and about two inches long. I've seen copper tubing cut into small sections, glass ring-slides, whole beer bottles, the top of a memorable mid-summer champagne dinner, and even a slide cut from a distinguished bottle of Mateus Rose '75. In short, anything round, smooth and heavy that you can get one finger inside of and still play while wearing will do; some merely sound better than others so feel free to experiment.

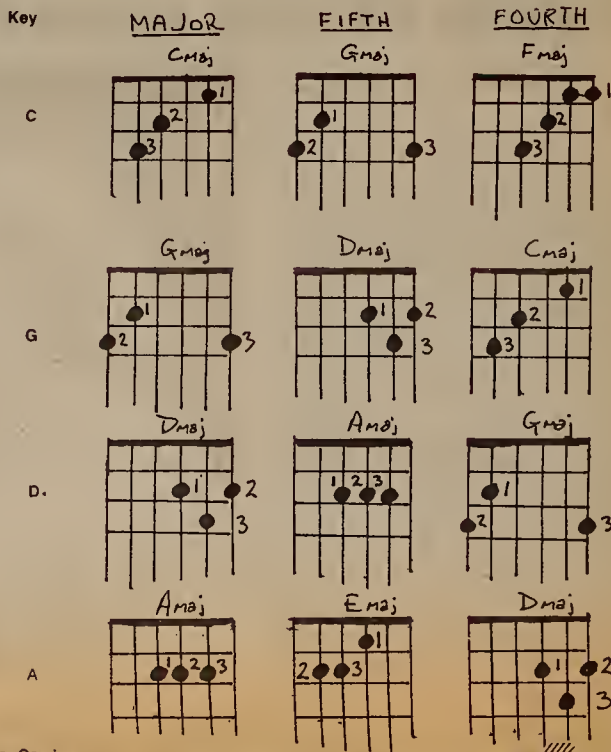
I wear my slide on my ring finger, leaving the first two for composing chords and licks while my pinkie is free to add suspendeds and till in where needed. Others prefer to use the slide on their pinkie, claiming that they usually don't need it anyway while still others use their index finger, though this I've only seen on electric guitar.

Slide can be played in any tuning, but the less like a chord the tuning is, the more difficult it will be to play. Someone told me recently that the Rev. Gary Davis does all of his slide work in standard tuning as is the case for much of David Wilcox's slide, but this still doesn't imply that it is mortally possible, right?

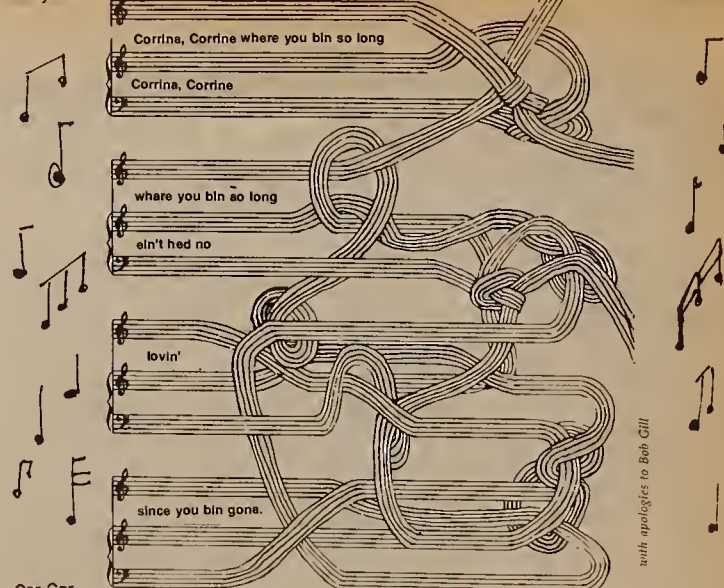
Dobor, or Open G tuning is my number one choice and also the tuning used in the example. To get into this tuning, drop both E strings to D and drop the A to a G. Any barre across all of the strings will give a major chord: what could possibly be simpler?

Here's my own version of "Corrina, Corrina", loosely based on a version by Alexis Kohner; the words are available in many permutations in a variety of sources. When playing, be sure to keep the strings behind the slide deadened and damp the strings between slide licks, otherwise you'll get more tones than you bargained for.

Good luck!



Corrina, Corrina  
(traditional; arrangement by Gary Lawrence Murphy)  
open G tuning  
(meter not guaranteed) (tableture for Corrina, Corrina)  
slowly



with apologies to Bob Gilt

### Car-Car

MAJ Take you for a ride in Car-car  
MAJ Take you for a ride in Car-car  
MAJ Take you for a ride in Car-car  
MAJ Riding in my car.

- 2) Tell you what I'll do, goin' drive so fast (etc.)
- 3) Horn goes Beep Beep...
- 4) I wanna alt in the front seat  
I wanna sit in the back seat  
Front seat, back seat  
Riding in my car. (Woody-Guthrie)

### Mountain Dew

MAJ On they call it that good old mountain dew  
MAJ and them that refuse it is law  
I'll huah my mug if you fill my jug  
with that good old mountain dew  
My uncle Mort, he's sort of sawed off end short  
Measures Bout five foot two (139 cm)  
But he thinks he's a giant if you give him a pint  
of that good old mountain dew.

Up against the wall, Redneck Mothers  
(if you know the words to this one, please let me know!)

(STROKES MEAN STRUM)  
Up against the wall, Redneck Mothers  
Mothers who can raise a son so wall  
He's only thirty four and drinking in a honky tonk  
Kicking hipples' asses and relaing hall.



# Leonard Angel's Isadora and G.B. is one of the best Canadian plays

A new Canadian play, ingeniously constructed and rich in virtuosity and scholarship, glows like a glass of vintage burgundy on the stage of the Aladdin Theatre at 2637 Yonge St. Entitled *Isadora and G.B.* it is the work of Leonard Angel, a 30 years old assistant professor of philosophy at University of Toronto. It is one of the best Canadian plays ever written and it should establish firmly in Toronto a company named Solar Stage, a company that manages to survive without government grants.

Clearly Angel was inspired by one of Bernard Shaw's most frequently quoted comments. When the American dancer Isadora Duncan asked Shaw to impregnate her, saying: "Imagine a child with my beauty and your brains." Shaw replied: "But supposing it has my beauty and your brains?"

Duncan made her request and Shaw made his reply by mail. But it is probable that both pursued the matter further in Duncan's London apartment. Guests at a party in 1917 overheard Duncan inviting Shaw to visit her at home and overheard the playwright promising to do so. At that time Duncan was 38 and at the peak of her beauty. Shaw was 61 yet still heavily pursued by young women who were excited by his intellect, courtesy, gentleness and wholesome appearance.

Leonard Angel bases his play on the assumption that Duncan succeeded in persuading Shaw to visit her. The attempted seduction of Shaw in the interests of eugenics and the arguments evoked by the sensuality of the encounter are not merely plausible but enthrallingly witty, moving and profound.

Through a voluminous reading of Shaw's essays, plays, memoirs, letters and biographical material, and through a brilliant selection of pertinent passages, Angel gives to his character of Shaw unadulterated Shavian lines, drawing on his own imagination only for the lines spoken by Duncan.

The result is a play that appears to have been written by Shaw in collaboration with an equally sensitive but more sensual and less cerebral partner. *Isadora and G.B.* amounts to a triangular debate between the brain, the heart and the genitalia, an expression of emotion that falls as music upon the ears.

This department has never seen on any stage an actor who makes up to resemble Shaw so well as Damon Mycock. More importantly Mycock simulates the courtly presence and high pitched voice of Shaw to charismatic effect. Mycock also projects the physical quality that rendered Shaw highly attractive to women until he was well into his 70's, a superb fastidiousness and health stemming from exercise and abstinence



• ISADORA AND G.B. with Jill Dyck and Damon Mycock: "Imagine a child with my beauty and your brains..." Photo by Andree Gaene.

Jan. 20 to Feb. 12 8:00 p.m.  
Info and reservations 482-5200

**McKENZIE  
PORTER**



from meat, alcohol and tobacco.

Mycock's representation of Shaw's resistance to Duncan is deeply affecting. We see Shaw torn between his desire for Duncan and his dedication to celibacy as a time-saving policy. The need to woo women, Shaw had decided, would keep him too long away from his work.

Jill Dyck makes a touching Isadora Duncan, tingeing

the humiliation she feels upon her rejection with the desperation born of a lost last chance to conceive the child of her dreams.

*Isadora and G.B.* is a long one-act play that requires a curtain raiser. The Shaw Festival should book it and simultaneously commission Angel to write a curtain raiser on Shaw's probably platonic but possibly sexual liaison with the actor Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

Lovers of Shaw who go to the Aladdin Theatre to see *Isadora and G.B.* will have to endure as curtain raiser Shaw's own one act play *Overruled* performed by semiprofessionals who retain too many amateur traits. Only one actor in this play, the tall, lovely Lyn Vogt, is able to get into the skin of a Shavian woman.

It is difficult to believe that Eugene Tishauer could direct one work so badly and the other so well.

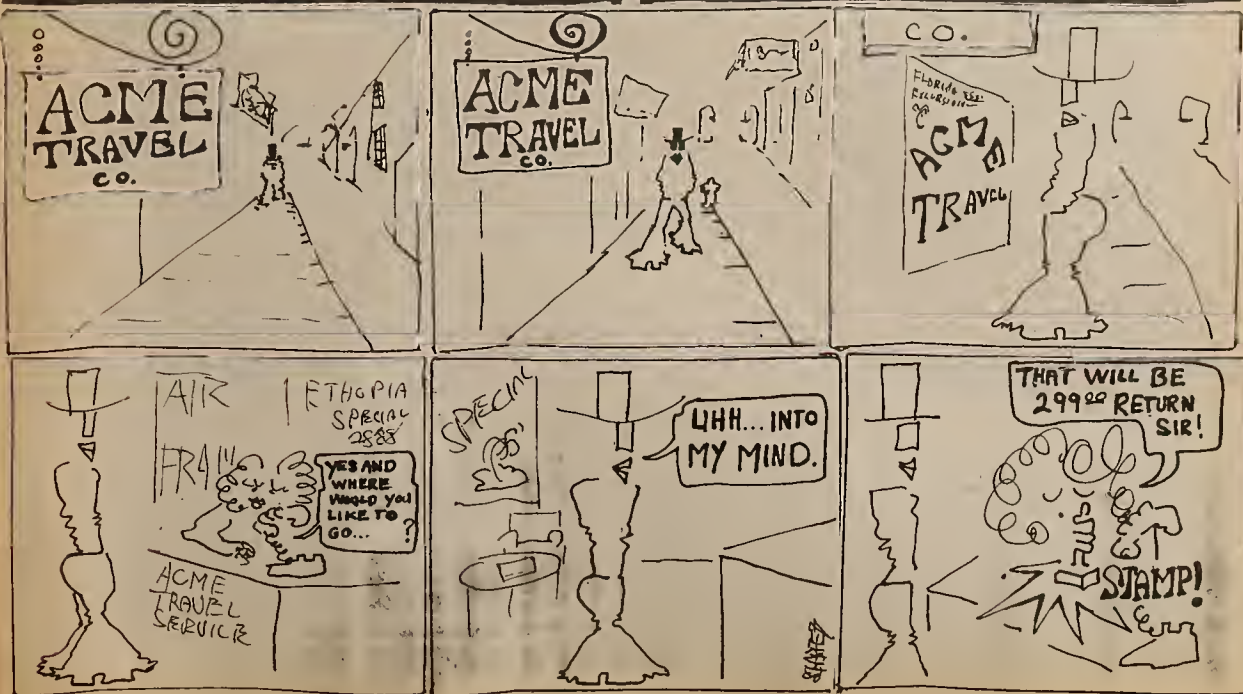
Dont let *Overruled* chase you away from *Isadora and G.B.*

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Tickets \$3.00 Wed. and Thurs., Senior Citizens and students  
\$4.00 Fri. and Sat., Sunday, —\$1.00 reduction on all seats.  
Pay-what-you-can.

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## STONEWATER





## SAC ROCKS THIS CAMPUS INTO

## RUBBLE WITH ...

**SAC Winter Party  
PROGRAM**  
or  
**Things to do on a Cold  
Winter's Day**



### Pub

Announcing new SAC weekly pub, starting February 4th, U.C. Refectory

### Folk **CONCERTS**

Derby Saunders	Jan. 27	Scar. Meeting Place noon
and Street		Innis Town Hall 8:00 p.m.
John Allen Cameron	Feb. 10	Erin Meeting Place noon
		Innis Town Hall 8:00 p.m.
Group T.B.A.	Feb. 11	U.C. Refectory
Scott Cushnie	Feb. 24	Scar. Meeting Place noon
		Innis Town Hall 8:00 p.m.

### Free Films

**SATURDAY 7:00, MEDICAL SCIENCES**

**AUDITORIUM, ST. GEORGE CAMPUS**

**FRIDAY 7:30, SCARBOROUGH COLLEGE**

**Jan. 28 — 29**

**SUSPICION** (1941) Cary Grant, Joan Fontaine, Nigel Bruce, Cedric Hardwicke, and directed by Alfred Hitchcock, need we say more?

**SUNSET BOULEVARD** (1950!) Billy Wilder's award winning film has silent film star (Gloria Swanson) living in the past with butler (Eric von Stroheim) and sheltering hack writer (William Holden).

**Feb. 4 & 5**

**THE GLADIATORS** (1969) Peter Watkins directed this comic-tragedy anti-war film. War in the future is a weekly T.V. special with China high in the ratings. Grand Prize winner at the International Science Fiction Film Festival in Trieste.

**YOJIMBO** (1941) Akira Kurosawa's shattering samurai picture with Mifune up for hire in a town with two warring factions. Leone's Fistful of Dollars is based on Yojimbo.

**Feb. 11 & 12**

**BANANAS** (1971) Revolutionary leader Woody Allen teams up with Louise, "Mary Hartman" Lasser. **HOW I WON THE WAR** (1967) Richard Lester directed this hilarious and distorted story of one man's role in W. W. II. John Lennon plays a hefty chunk of celluloid.

**Feb. 18 & 19**

**CASABLANCA** (1942) Bogart in one of his finest roles as a nightclub owner who rediscovers old flame Ingrid Bergman. You MUST see it. **TREASURE OF THE SIERRA MADRE** (1948) Bogart and Walter Huston in a tale of gold hunting greed. Directed by John Huston.

**Feb. 25 & 26**

**EVEN DWARFS STARTED SMALL** (1970) Entirely enacted by a cast of dwarfs in settings designed for regular-sized people. Director Hertzogs plea for a better revolution.

### Free Films

**THE BRIDGE** (1960) German school boys are drafted into the army in 1945 in a last futile and wasteful attempt to halt the inevitable. Only the boys don't know its the end. Tragic.

**Mar. 4 & 5**

**THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD** (1938) Dashing Errol Flynn, beautiful Olivia de Havilland, evil Claude Rains, wicked Basil Rathbone. How can you lose?

**CAPTAIN BLOOD** (1935) The same cast, but transferred to pirate ships. Bring popcorn. No cynics allowed.

**Mar. 11 & 12**

**LA GRANDE BOUFFE** (1973) Marcello Mastroianni, Michel Piccoli, Philippe Noiret try to end it all with some catastrophic over indulgence. Fascinating and repellant.

**Mar. 18 & 19**

**THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST** (1952) Oscar Wilde's comedy of manners is given excellent treatment Michael Redgrave, Margaret Rutherford et al.

**PYGMALION** (1938) Leslie Howard is the professor and Wendy Hiller the Cockney pupil in this fine screen version of George Bernard Shaw's play. Both films directed by Anthony Asquith.

**Mar. 25 & 26**

**THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES** (1970) Director Bill Wilder has made an offbeat but extremely personal and sometimes melancholy film about the famed sleuth.

**THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS** (1971) George C. Scott as a slightly deluded gentleman, who even if he isn't Sherlock Holmes should be, and Joanne Woodward as his psychiatrist Dr. Watson.

### WINTER CARNIVAL

**Free Skating** — Varsity Arena

\* **Jan. 29** — Devonshire Society/Labatt's/ SAC. presents a powder-puff football tournament featuring teams from about 10 colleges — 50 cents. Hart House Back Campus field.

\* **Snow Sculpting** contest all week — SAC will truck in snow piles for every faculty. Contact your student council to get information on your team.

\* **Roam-around dance** featuring Domenic Troiano, Rough Trade, and Joust, in the U.C. Refectory, St. Mikes Brennan Hall, and the Vic Pub. Admission will be about \$3.00 entitling you to go to all three dances.

\* **Watch** for free Winter Carnival buttons and T-shirts